



The Sketch

[No connection whatsoever with the "Daily Sketch."]

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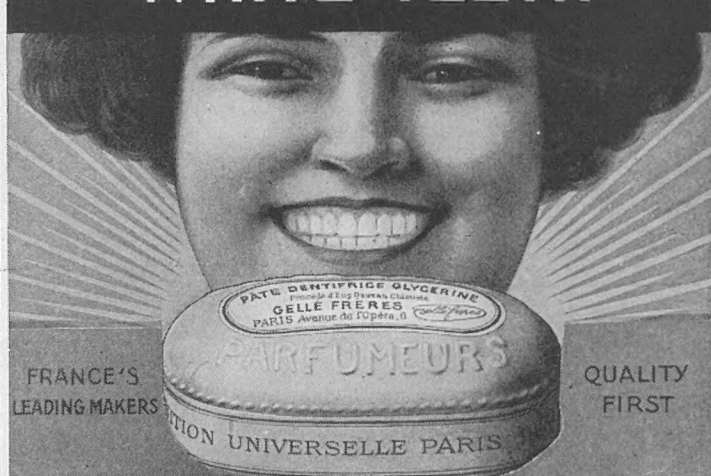
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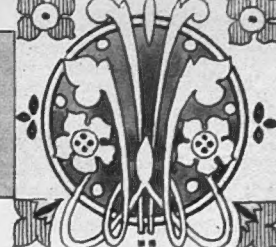
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THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1509 — Vol. CXVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



A FASCINATING ROBIN HOOD: MISS NELLIE TAYLOR IN THE NEW OXFORD PANTO.

Miss Nellie Taylor plays the part of Principal Boy to the Dolly Sisters' Babes, in "The Babes in the Wood" pantomime, produced at the New Oxford last week. She is a slim and fascinating Robin

Hood, in her high boots and doublet, and is one of the chief attractions of Mr. Cochran's first panto, which is a production likely to meet with general approval.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

On "Changing One's Mind."

"It is perfectly true," said the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords during the course of his speech on the Irish Treaty, "that we have changed our minds more than once during the last three years, and, for aught I know, we may change them again."

It may seem absurd, almost sacrilegious, but I venture to suggest that the nimble-witted "F.E." here missed a point. Accused of having changed his mind, he could effectively have retorted that, in the more important affairs of life, men do not change their minds—their minds are changed for them by irresistible forces over which they have no control. I am not alluding to the Irish Treaty in particular, but to one's mental attitude towards things in general.

I am often twitted by certain friends on having changed my mind with regard to the best place to live. Many years ago I wrote: "Give me the half-mile radius from Charing Cross, and you can do what you like with the rest of the world." When I wrote that, I honestly thought that I could never exist anywhere but in the very heart of London.

Racial instinct changed my mind for me—I did not change it. I was reckoning without those ancestors of mine who went down to the sea in ships, and did business in great waters.

Back to the Sea. My present feeling is that I could never make a permanent home out of sight and sound of the sea. There is to me something extraordinarily comforting and satisfying about the sight of the sea by day and the sound of the sea by night. I have seen the mountains of Switzerland, and the plains of Mexico, and the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and many other impressive places. But they are limitable and they are still: the sea is illimitable and never at rest.

I hate stillness. I dislike Sunday because the shops are closed, and the streets are empty, and all energy seems to have departed from the world. Even the golf-links on Sunday have an atmosphere of Sabbatarianism. I must confess that I am a bad Sabbatarian. I like to work on Sunday.

The sea takes no account of Sunday. It roars and surges, or ripples and murmurs, just the same on the seventh day as on the other six. And you never know what the sea will do next. It is full of clever surprises. The chameleon is not in it with the sea for change of colour. And where can you watch the sun setting so gloriously as across a great expanse of sea?

But to live by the sea is a very different thing from living on it, as any old sailor will admit. Your retired sea-captain gets as near to the sea as he can, but you seldom catch him afloat!

The New Year.

One ought, of course, in this last number of the Old Year, to say something reflective about the weeks that have passed, and something prospective about the weeks that are to come. But such journalistic philosophies, I find, grow more artificial as each New Year comes along. One could easily fill a page talking about the Old Year, but who wants to read that sort of thing?

The Outstanding Fact about 1921 is that it will shortly be finished and done with. If, friend the reader, by pressing a button you could have 1921 all over again, would you press that button? I know I would not. The Old Year was a bad year. It brought the Great Coal Strike, for example, which postponed the brightest chance I ever had yet of making a small fortune. And 1921 brought many of us much private anxiety and sorrow.

Let it go. It will go anyhow, so the more willingly you slacken your hold on it the better. As for 1922, regard it with equanimity. There is always this to be said when your fortune lies in front of you: if bad things happen in 1922, they have probably happened before, while if good things happen they will come with the delicious and exhilarating quality of novelty.

As for good resolutions, you will probably continue to do foolish things until forces from without compel you to give them up.

Old age is very wise and prudent. It jolly well has to be.

Christmas Plays. I often wonder why Christmas plays are produced at Christmas. If I had a theatre, I would produce Christmas plays at any period of the year save at Christmas. At Christmas we are surfeited with all things Christmassy. We can get all the snow, and frost, and carols, and fog, and sleet, and rain without going to the theatre.

The right sort of play for this time of year is the play with a spring or summer setting. It is delightful, in mid-winter, to think of people in flannels, people playing tennis, people lying in hammocks—all that sort of thing. It would be even more delightful to see them.

And the newspapers, at this time of year, should publish a great deal about cricket. The soul yearns for the sight of the cricket-field; the papers could bring it so much nearer by talking of the season that is to come. When it really comes we have no time to read about it; we are busy watching it or playing it, as the case may be.

In other words, I believe that the secret of keeping young, alert, and reasonably happy is to let the mind go forward—but not too far. Try it in 1922 and drop me a line about the result.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE QUEEN'S NEPHEW: MISS DOROTHY HASTINGS AND HER FIANCÉ, THE EARL OF ELTHAM.

The engagement of the Earl of Eltham, eldest son of the Marquess of Cambridge, of Shotton Hall, Shrewsbury, and nephew of Queen Mary, to Miss Dorothy Hastings, second daughter of the Hon. Ormonde and Mrs. Hastings, of Long Road, Bilton, Rugby, and niece of the Earl of Huntingdon, has been announced. Lord Eltham served in the Household Cavalry during the war.

Photographs by Bassano and Swaine.

HURRY UP! HURRY UP! HURRY UP!

"The Sketch" £100 Competition is entering on its last three days. Do not waste more time: enter at once. See page 509.

To Marry in February: A Dockland Worker.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN DUDLEY COATS, M.C.: MISS AUDREY JAMES.

The engagement of Miss Audrey James, youngest daughter of the late Mr. William James, of West Dean Park, Chichester, and of Mrs. Brinton, to Captain Dudley Coats, Scots Guards, second son of Sir Stuart and Lady Coats, of Ballathie, Perthshire, was announced last week. Miss Audrey James is one of the prettiest and most popular girls in Society, and is not only a great favourite at balls and social

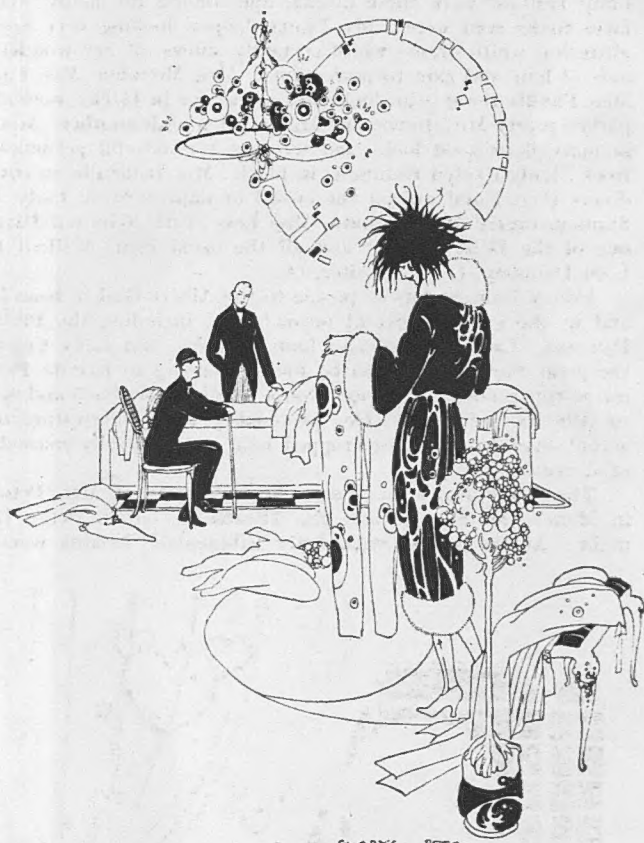
gatherings, but is a worker in the cause of charity, and devotes a good deal of time to helping in the Dockland Settlement. Mrs. Brinton, who is perhaps best remembered as Mrs. "Willie" James, the talented amateur actress and a great entertainer of Royalty, has just returned from a visit to America. Miss James's wedding will probably take place in February.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil]

The Jottings of Jane ;

Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

AND now Christmas is over, though the children are still with us. The country is filled with little cousins and rosy-cheeked nephews unto the third and fourth generation. The trains are crowded with large families on their way to Switzerland or the Riviera.

Lord and Lady Wavertree and their little adopted daughter Rosemary have gone to their villa—the Villa Edelweiss—on the



1. Angela has made several splendid resolutions for the New Year. For one thing, she means to be a *real* wife to Algy (in the best Victorian style), and to go with him everywhere. She is being very helpful now in the pyjama shop—choosing slumber-wear for him.

Californie Hill at Cannes. Lord and Lady Howard de Walden and their children are at Chirk Castle, North Wales, Lady Howard de Walden having happily recovered from her hunting accident. She was, of course, a daughter of the late Mr. Charles Van Raalte, of Brownsea Island, Dorset, and they have one son and three small daughters. Lord Howard de Walden has lately been staying with his uncle and aunt, Sir Kildare and Lady Borrowes, at Beechborough, near Folkestone, where he unveiled one of the numerous war memorials in the neighbourhood. Lady Howard de Walden has been very energetic—and, I hope, fortunate—in her endeavour to make the Gilbert and Sullivan Ball at the Savoy Hotel a great success on Jan. 5.

Lady Nunburnholme and her lovely daughter, Miss Monica Wilson, have already departed to St. Moritz, where Lady Ribblesdale and her girl, Miss Alice Astor, are going this week, I think, and Lady Rossmore, and Mr. Frank Curzon; and amongst other well-known people who have already left England are Lord and Lady Lonsdale, who left for South Africa last week; Lady Evelyn Cobbold, who left London several days ago for Egypt, where she means to spend the winter; Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, who have gone to Madeira; Lady Sandhurst, who is staying with the Duchess of Albany at Cannes, in the Villa Nevada, half-way up the Californie Hill; Sir Richard and Lady Musgrave and their son "Toby," who are not returning to Eden Hall this winter, but have left their house in Charles Street for the French Riviera.

Mme. de Bittencourt (Lady Lisburne's mother) has gone to Monte Carlo earlier than usual; and so has Lord Westbury and his brother, Victor Bethell. The Aga Khan has already arrived at Nice; and Sir Basil Zaharoff, that most picturesque and influential Greek millionaire, is at the Paris Hotel, Monte Carlo. The polo season opens at Cannes on Jan. 10; and as there is now a second ground, and the

whole club premises have been much improved, enthusiasts are prepared for a really gay season.

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen having taken up golf by medical advice since her contretemps in America, the lady tennis habitués of the Riviera tournaments are looking forward to less monotonous finals than last year, when the honours invariably went to the wonderful French girl. And, talking of the Riviera, much as I love it, I rather long to go further afield this year. Florence, perhaps, or Cairo, or to that most Eastern (in appearance) of all African ports, Tangier. The call of the sun is more than ever insistent. Not that we can quarrel with England's share of sunshine this year. But servants are more than ever diabolical. *All* mine gave notice yesterday. One said I did not entertain enough "to keep her 'and in'"; another that I entertained too much for the size of "the staff." Another was going "to better himself"; and my paragon of a lady's-maid (who didn't know *what* to say) expressed a distaste for the front seat of my motor, which is usually her fate when I pay visits. I rather feel like giving notice, too—only I don't quite know to whom; and if I did, the last state of this woman would be worse than the first if it were accepted!

My hurried "last shoppings" in town just before Christmas were interrupted by the necessity for going to see "The Three Musketeers," at Covent Garden, as a super-movie, with an orchestra conducted by the great Eugene Goossens on the first night. I wasn't the only person who felt that time must be spared for it, either, for M. Briand actually saw this picture, and expressed surprise and delight that London should choose this French masterpiece for production at Covent Garden. Lady Cunard, Lord Birkenhead and his wife and daughter, the Asquiths, Lord Carisbrooke, and many other social leaders went too, and were enchanted by the stunts performed by the indefatigable Douglas Fairbanks as d'Artagnan. Mr. Knoblock's



2. And she feels that she is perhaps a little too lenient with the darling dogs. So she ties them up in the yard and feeds them on dog-biscuits. She really can't bear this, and the dogs' dismal howls are heard for miles.

adaptation of the famous novel isn't pure Dumas, but it makes a thrilling reel; and there's no doubt that the new idea of super-pictures with good music to usher them in is a sound one. We shall all end by being "Film Fans."

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

THE JAUNTINGS OF JACK.

SOMEONE I met the other day complained that London was so dull!

Really, that sort of remark has become a habit; my curiosity made me ask what he had done all this last week to occupy his spare moments, and apparently there had not been many.

Monday, everyone met in the afternoon at the Wigmore Hall, where Miss Olga Linn gave a concert. The programme and audience

were equally representative of who should be seen and what should be heard to-day. Miss Linn sang charmingly, and delighted everyone with her rendering of a programme of songs as comprehensive as a general examination paper, and had a great success.

Among her many friends and admirers were to be seen Lady Cunard (always to the fore in matters musical), Lady Islington and her pretty and attractive daughter, Lady Lavery (in particularly good looks), Lady Curzon, and Lady Colefax, who seems to find time for everyone and everything, Mrs. Farquharson and her daughter, and a host of others.

The stage turned up in force also, and Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Gladys Cooper (lovely in black, with her little son), Marjorie Gordon, Ivor Novello, and many more were all enjoying the music. In the evening, the Embassy, Ciro's, and all the dancing places had their full contingent.

People seem to prefer the Embassy to any of the others, although Ciro's has a much nicer room, and the food is just as good, and perhaps not so expensive. The Savoy has two excellent bands; Claridge's is extremely popular with lots of people: but somehow it is the Embassy where one must go and lunch and dine and dance, if one is to find out who is in London and what is going on. Undoubtedly the music and the floor are the best liked! And, after all, when it is a question of dancing, that is the principal thing.

Lady Ridley had a party on Tuesday night after her niece's wedding, which was a very successful affair. Her house in Carlton House Terrace is so well suited to entertaining, with its black marble staircase, and the three big drawing-rooms for dancing and sitting out.

Wednesday there was an interesting first night at the New Theatre, when Matheson Lang and Lillah McCarthy both scored a great personal success as the Toreador hero and aristocratic Delilah, in the dramatised version of Ibañez's "Blood and Sand." However much the critics may vary as to the merits or demerits of the play, it seems a pity the translator has departed so much from the original.

What was voted as quite one of the cheeriest and most successful parties given for ages took place at Lady Alastair Innes-Ker's house in Gloucester Square that night; so much did everyone enjoy themselves, and it went on merrily until five in the morning. Perhaps because the hostess is American born; but what her countrymen call "pep" was certainly not lacking!—with such cheery souls as Miss Lois Sturt, Miss Elsa Maxwell, Fred Cripps, Freddy Guest, and Lord Pembroke, all helping to make things go.

Pretty women were plentiful, and included, amongst others, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Maidstone, Mrs. Richard Norton, Mrs. Dudley Ward and Mrs. Dick Warde, who is off almost at once with her mother to the latter's lovely villa, Maryland, near Beaulieu, for the winter. The Duke of York and Prince Henry appeared to be enjoying themselves immensely, and all the usual men who go to parties seemed to have turned up, as well as others who but rarely put in an appearance.

Thursday afternoon saw a new form of getting funds for the sacred cause of charity—on this occasion for a *crèche*—and it

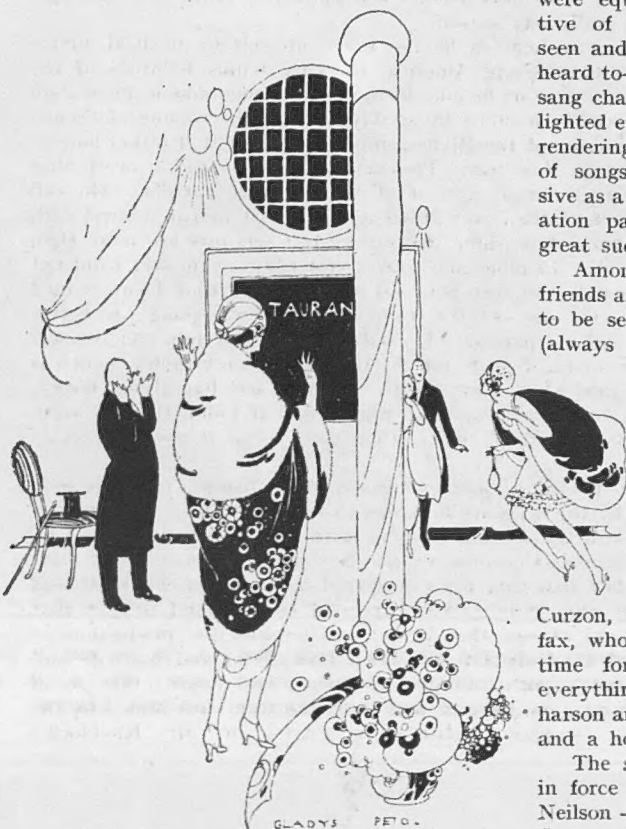
took the seasonable form of carol-singing, and incidentally afforded much amusement to the singers and those sung to. Quite a substantial sum was collected, and among the various houses visited were those of Lady Cunard, Lady Northcliffe, and Lord Revelstoke in Carlton House Terrace, besides other mansions in Mayfair, where all contributed with a good-will.

The carol-singers were masked, but that did not prevent several of them being recognised; and I hear of a popular General and his wife, both very musical, a well-known politician and writer, a beautiful actress-manageress, the beautiful wife of one of our best-known artists, the beautiful star of a much-discussed film shortly to be shown on the screen; two composers, one of "musical jokes," and the other of tunes we all like; a singer, and several of the cultured Oxford political artistic set among the number.

The Embassy was packed that night—Thursday being a late night—and it really was too crowded to dance in comfort; but no one seemed to mind, and nearly everyone stayed on until the end; and when the band stopped it seemed as full as ever. Sir George and Lady Holford were there dining, and among the many well-known faces to be seen were Lady Diana Cooper, looking very lovely in a glittering white dress—white certainly shows off her wonderful fairness of hair and skin to perfection! Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Capel, and Miss Phyllis Boyd (who looked so attractive in black), were all in one party; pretty Mrs. Jowitt and Mrs. Holden with another. Mrs. Frisby, in marvellous good looks and wearing a wonderful petunia-coloured frock; Lady Evelyn Guinness, in black; Mrs. Belleville, in silver, were diners there; and among the crowd of dancers were Lady Maureen Stanley, pretty Mrs. Barnato, Miss Lois Sturt, Winifred Barnes, and one of the Dolly Sisters; and all the usual men—Wilfred Egerton, Lord Dalmeny, Gordon Leiter, etc.

Friday brought lots of people to the Albert Hall to hear Kreisler; and in the evening several music-lovers, including the Princesse de Polignac, Lady Rocksavage, Lady Bridges, and Lady Colefax, and the great Sargent, were to be found listening to Renata Borghatti's interesting rendering of a programme ranging from Bach and Schumann to Albeniz and Falla. Her personality is an interesting one, and accentuated by her close-cropped hair and decidedly masculine way of dressing.

There was also a small but cheerful party at Mrs. Peto's house in Manchester Square, and the Theatrical Garden Party Ball that night. At the former were Lady Ribblesdale, looking wonderful in



3. And she is always so late for her appointments, too. She does mean to improve in this. So being asked to dine with dear old Uncle Churchleigh-Mission at seven, and finding herself not nearly ready, she flies off just as she is, and is really in time for once. But nobody seems pleased.



4. Life under these conditions presents such a vista of dreary days that Angela decides to end it all with arsenic—when this great thought strikes her: One need not keep one's resolutions—and so she falls into a dreamless slumber.

green, Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, and Miss Maxine Elliott; whilst among numerous blondes who all seemed to have decided to wear red were pretty Mrs. Wilfred Egerton, Mrs. Poulmin, and several more.

Taking everything into consideration, I can't exactly consider London to have been dull.

A SOCIAL SURVEY OF THE MOMENT.



ENGAGED TO MR. EDWARD C. CAVE:
MISS COLERIDGE.



ENGAGED TO MR. ROBERT FRASER:
MISS ESMÉ IREDALE.



ENGAGED TO MR. F. F. BRAMWELL:
MISS E. B. DUGMORE.



ENGAGED TO MR. W. S. MARCHANT:
MISS MARJORIE BEAN.



AT THE SOUTHERN COURSING MEETING: BACK ROW: (L. TO R.) MRS. V. JOHNSTONE, MRS. WOODRUFF, MR. HAMILTON ADAMS. FRONT ROW: MR. H. M. EVERARD, MR. J. H. JOHNSON, MRS. FAIRWEATHER, AND MRS. LANDOR.



CUTTING OUT JIG-SAW PUZZLES FOR CHARITY:
LADY BEATRIX WILKINSON.



LORD READING'S A.D.C. MARRIED: CAPTAIN A. E. C. HARRIS, M.C., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS DORIS M. R. ROBSON.

The Southern Coursing Meeting was held at Southminster.—The International Gundog League Sporting Spaniel Trials took place at Euston Hall.—Lady Beatrix Wilkinson, wife of Major Sir Nevile R. Wilkinson, K.C.V.O., who is making the beautiful model of "Titania's Palace," for the Queen of the Fairies, made 2700 jig-saw puzzles for charity during five years.—Captain Arthur E. C. Harris, M.C., A.D.C. to Lord Reading in India, was married at All Souls' Langham Place, to Miss Doris M. R. Robson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Robson.—The Christmas Bazaar in aid of the Dockland Settlement was held at the Central Hall, Westminster.—Miss Betty Christabel Gertrude Coleridge is the only daughter of Mr. Rennell Coleridge, and is engaged to Mr. Edward C. Cave, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Cave.—Miss Esmé Iredale is the

SOME PICTURES OF VARIED INTEREST.



AT THE INTERNATIONAL GUNDOG LEAGUE SPANIEL TRIALS: SIR JAMES R. WILSON AND HIS WIFE AND SON WITH TURK OF INVERTROSSACHS.



THE TWIN-DAUGHTER OF SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER: MISS E. BRUCE-PORTER.



THE TWIN-DAUGHTER OF SIR BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER: MISS G. BRUCE-PORTER.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN MAX THOMSON: MISS ELSA BONNIN.



ENGAGED TO MR. L. KNIGHT-GREGSON: MISS EILEEN MERCER.



LORD ESHER'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OUT SHOPPING FOR CHRISTMAS: THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT (MISS ZENA DARE) AND HER DAUGHTER.



AT THE BAZAAR FOR THE DOCKLAND SETTLEMENT: LADY MAIDSTONE (RIGHT) AT THE TOY STALL.

youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Iredale, of The Towers, Capel Curig, and Mr. Robert Fraser is the younger son of the late Mr. James Fraser, of Craighill, Rosshire.—Miss Essie Isabel and Miss Gladys Bruce-Porter are the twin daughters of Colonel Sir H. E. Bruce Bruce-Porter, K.B.E., C.M.G., the famous surgeon.—Miss Marjorie Bean, youngest daughter of Mr. William Bean, is to marry Mr. W. S. Marchant, of Kenya Colony, South Africa, early in 1922.—Miss Elsa Bonnin is the daughter of Mr. Frank Gillard Bonnin, and is engaged to Captain Max Thomson, of the Dutch Indian Cavalry.—Miss Eileen Mercer is the elder daughter of Mr. G. Elphinstone Mercer.—Miss E. B. Dugmore is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Radclyffe Dugmore. On Nov. 30 it was announced that her wedding to Mr. F. F. Bramwell would take place shortly in Nairobi.

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LUCAS,
SMOKING ROOM
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FOR 25
YEARS



H.F.
CROWTHER
SMITH
21

CLUBLAND CARICATURES: THE CONSTITUTIONAL.

The Constitutional Club was founded in 1883 by the late Marquess of Abergavenny, at 14, Regent Street, to provide a central and convenient club in London for members of the Conservative Party. The present club-house in Northumberland Avenue was opened in October 1886,

by the late Marquess of Salisbury, its first President, and has been ever since a stronghold of Unionism. Our artist has pictured some of the prominent members and two of the veteran club servants of the Constitutional.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER-SMITH.

A Daughter of Mr. Otto Kahn, and Her Family.



FORMERLY MISS MAUD KAHN: MRS. J. O. C. MARRIOTT, WITH HER HUSBAND AND BABY.

Mrs. J. O. C. Marriott was, before her marriage, Miss Maud Kahn. She is one of the daughters of Mr. Otto Hermann Kahn, the famous financier, who did so much for the Allies during the war. Mr. Kahn, it will be remembered, lent St. Dunstan's for the use of the blinded soldiers when the late Sir Arthur Pearson was starting his splendid work for the men who lost their sight in the war. He also made a

remarkable tour in America to arouse Americans of German origin against Prussianised Germany. He is a Commander of the Crown of Italy, a Commander of the Crown of Belgium, and has the Legion of Honour. Mr. Kahn is one of the Hon. Directors of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and of the French-American Association for Musical Art, etc.

Photograph by Campbell Studios.



Without Prejudice

WE have listened for long—some of us for quite long enough—to the click of the castanets. We are feeling yellow and red all over. The wail of the Spanish minor, the stamp of the *jota*, the flutter and dip of the *mantilla*, the floral extravagances of the *mantón de Manila* have been for a good time past our only—or almost our only—sight and sound.

But never yet has the Spanish note wailed and clicked more authentically than it does, Blasco Ibañez conducting it, at the New Theatre. Mr. Matheson Lang has returned from his long incarceration at Jerusalem (or was it Jericho?), and he plunges with gusto into the running tide of the contemporary Gulf Stream which seems to set so strongly off the Spanish coast to our hospitable, our of-foreign-importations-so-trustingly-receptive shores.

And the result is *Sangre y Arena* done (as they detestably say) into English and compressed into four Acts. Which leaves of it a simple melodrama in which the guileless *espada* is "vamped" by Miss Lillah McCarthy and returned in due course to Andalusia, home, and beauty in the person of a lachrymose Miss Florence Saunders.

But even as a melodrama it is not without Moments. The stir and thrill of that opening Sunday afternoon in the Madrid hotel where the *Matador* is walking his floor like a nervous *prima-donna* waiting for them to ring up on the first Act, the stream of callers, the crowds driving up to the bull-ring in the dusty sunshine outside—one's imagination is helped to a half-hour of delightful strain by some clever acting.

The Vamping of Juan (which might have done for an alternative title) is less exciting, because vamps, even when they are as magnificently vampagous as Miss Lillah McCarthy can make them, are a monotonous race. She droops and languishes and lolls and looks magnificent at him. But—exciting as he seemed to find it after his quiet, commercial life in the bull-ring—to us it was all (with our richer experience of life) a shade familiar. Yet she did all that she could with a part of one note.

No. The real merit of the thing is its Spanish setting, which has been elaborated with careful accuracy. The clothes are right, the

blue chins of the young men are right (how excellent Mr. Robert Stone looked as Fuentes, and how bravely he drank his water from that treacherous water-cooler), and the whole picture—unless one is to be captious and complain of the unnatural verdure of the country round La Rinconada—is admirably drawn.

That is the pleasure that one gets from the whole performance. Here is a drama of rather tepid qualities. But you will find it set in the hot sunlight of Spain. Which is something considerably more than the limelight of a London theatre. There is something authentic about the gaunt solemnity of Mr. Campbell Fletcher's Garabato. And the Waiter's suit failed to fit in just the right, *Madrileño* way.

So it was all through. Miss Nancy Price concealed herself from us in a gaunt Spanish scold which gave reality to every scene (and there were too few) that she appeared in. And Mr. David Gill just leant about on the farm with the right, authentic note of agricultural labour south of the Pyrenees.

It was a treat for all of us who have seen Spain. Because it helped us to remember. And for the others—it will probably incite them to take that evening train from the Quai D'Orsay and wake up in the shifting contours of the Basque country. They may not see El Gallardo on the Sunday afternoon when they take a nervous seat in the great bull-ring. They will not be in the tense drama of the little chapel under the seats where the *cuadrilla* prays. But they will see the country of which Mr. Matheson Lang has sent us a brief, reflected gleam. And, if they have any decency, they will feel grateful to him.

So you must all face the unpleasantness of Mr. Lang's sanguinary title, put a rose behind your ear, give your hat an *aficionado*

tilt, and seat yourselves in the New Theatre. On the shady side. Then you will catch the flavour of Spain. And you will see Mr. Lang face the infuriated bulls of London criticism. Because none of our learned critics enjoy a good play. It doesn't give them enough to write about. But one has a wicked suspicion that little Fuentes would be a shade slipper in the ring than El Gallardo.



METAMORPHOSED BY FROCKS: MISS IRIS HOEY BEFORE AND AFTER THE TRANSFORMATION IN "CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN."

Miss Iris Hoey makes a vastly entertaining affair out of her transformation from the dowdy lady journalist of the straight hair and long skirts into the fascinating butterfly of curls and smart frocks in her part as Robina Fleming, the heroine of "Clothes and the Woman," at the Ambassadors'. Our photographs show her in the caterpillar, and butterfly stages, and it is not easy to convince oneself that they really picture the same lady.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Danfield, Ltd.]

The Only Daughter of an Earl, and a Bride-To-Be.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN H. H. LIDDELL-GRAINER: LADY MURIEL BERTIE.

Lady Muriel Bertie is the only child of the Earl and Countess of Lindsey. Her engagement to Captain H. H. Liddell-Grainger, of Ayton Castle, Berwickshire, has just been announced. Lady Muriel, who is

very fond of outdoor sports, and is devoted to animals, is shown in our photograph with one of her pets. She is a tall, graceful girl, and did splendid work in France during the war.

Photograph by Vandyk.



IN "THE CULT OF THE HOOP" DRESS: MISS DOROTHY DESMOND.



Hooped and Straight; Full and Achieve Beauty in

"The Little Girl in Red" brought to the stage of the Gaiety a number of lovely dresses, some of which are shown on these pages. They are designed and made by Mme. Getz, Ltd., and show the fascinations of sharply contrasting styles in costume. The "Cult of the Hoop" dress, worn by Miss Dorothy Desmond, is a dazzling affair, with a silver tissue skirt, wired out and sewn with mock diamonds. It is further adorned with fringes of crystals and diamonds, and has the most attractive "trow-trows"



THE ATTRACTION OF THE STRAIGHT FROCK: MISS MAI BACON.
PORTRAIT STUDIES, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH," BY BERTRAM

Scanty: Stage Frocks which Different Styles.

appearing behind the veil of its skirt fringe. Equally fascinating is the jet-and-lace evening dress worn by Miss Mai Bacon. It shows the charm of the long waist and straight dress, and is an admirable suggestion for a dinner dress. Miss Bacon is also shown in an elaborately draped tissue frock, lined with velvet and adorned with a collar of ostrich-plumes, and a long trail of pink roses; and in a perfectly fascinating full-skirted evening dress of tissue elaborately embroidered on one side of the skirt, and trimmed with marabout.



AN ACHIEVEMENT IN DRAPERIES: MISS MAI BACON.
PARK; DRESSES DESIGNED AND MADE BY MADAME GETZ.



FULL-SKIRTED, BUT FASCINATING: MISS MAI BACON.





GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



The Quorn and the Cottesmore.

Melton has again been favoured with the presence of the Duke of York, for he motored over the other Sunday and had lunch at Warwick Lodge, the Sofer Whitburns' place, where Captain and Mrs. Drummond are staying.

The Quorn had quite a good day at Widmerpool, and many well-known people were out. I saw Captain Sherrard, as usual complete with his long cigarette-holder. General Vaughan arrived with Mrs. Wardell, and insisted on a brush being procured to remove a small speck of dust from her habit. What a very pretty woman she is—and most popular too.

Mrs. Sitwell, usually in the first flight, seemed rather lost. I saw Mme. Loevenstein following in her car. She is a distinguished-looking woman, and was wearing a mustard-coloured coat which needed some carrying off, and I must say she did it very well.

Baron de Collaert is staying at the Bell Hotel, Melton Mowbray. He was in the Belgian Army during the war, when he was very badly wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans at the same time. Twice he was led out to be shot, and each time he was reprieved. He escaped after about a year. He was out with the Quorn the other day when they met at Queniborough, as were also Major and Mrs. Harrison, the Crawfords, and several others from Melton.

The Cottesmore have recently met at Somerby, where there was a big field. I saw Lady Ursula Grosvenor riding astride in a tweed dress and a squash hat; also Lady Ancaster, but she was garbed in the correct habit. The Hon. Mrs. Duberly's boy was mounted on that extraordinary black-and-white pony of Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill's; really it looks like a sheet of blotting-paper. But I hear it goes very well. Mrs. Burns Hartopp and her daughters were there too; and Lady Freeth rode up just as hounds started to move off. Mr. Hay, of Somerby, who recently sold all his stud, was out for an odd day. Photographers were very busy, as there was plenty of sun. Captain Higson motored over from Burton Hall with his arm in a sling; it isn't often we see him on foot. Mr. Coleman was having a bit of trouble with his horse, but soon quietened it in a masterly fashion; he is a fine man to hounds, and stops at nothing.

The Belvoir and the Quorn.

The other Monday the Belvoir had a by-day, meeting at Stathern Point, and the Duke of York was hunting again. Unfortunately, it was a disappointing day. After some time, drawing various coverts blank, we found in Stathern Wood, and had a short hunt to Eastwell. The



THE MASTER OF THE COTTESMORE AT A MEET AT SOMERBY: MR. JAMES BAIRD AND MRS. BAIRD.

This photograph shows the Master of the Cottesmore, Mr. James Baird, on the right. Mrs. Baird is standing in the centre of the picture.

Photograph by Rouch.

later part of the day was spent in the Belvoir Wood, where there were several foxes, but they were never hustled into the open.

What a marvellous view one gets from the ridge of hills running from the Castle to Old Dalby! Every hunting man who has seen it must long to build himself a house there, and look out for the rest of his days over that great plain of grass—the Vales of the Quorn and Belvoir. After much rain this country rides very deep, the fences are big, and it needs a bold, free horse to jump the country. The

Smite, too, is in places pretty formidable, and is not uncommonly in the way.

The Quorn were out on the same day, at Widmerpool New Inn, but the Belvoir by-day had attracted some members of the Monday field, and there were not very many people out to enjoy a good hunt of just under an hour. The Belvoir, on the Wednesday, met at Buckminster Park, Lord Dysart's place. There were plenty of foxes, but "Himself" selected to beat his retreat across a country intersected by ironstone lines and quarries.

Captain Gerald Foljambe and his wife have a small house in Buckminster village, and, in spite of the fact that he lost his foot two years



THE PRESENTATION TO CAPTAIN MARSHALL ROBERTS ON HIS MARRIAGE: AT THE SOUTH NOTTS HUNT MEET AT THE HALL, HOLME PIERPOINT.

Followers of the South Notts Hunt subscribed for a present to Captain Marshall Roberts (Deputy-Master) on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Glen Oldham. Our photograph shows a sketch of the present being handed to Captain and Mrs. Marshall Roberts by Colonel Birkin, the Master. The names of those prominent in the snapshot, reading from left to right, are, Viscountess Petersham, Mrs. Woolland, Captain and Mrs. Marshall Roberts, Colonel Birkin, and Major Cantrell Hubbersty.

Photograph by Alfieri.

ago after a racing smash, he still rides young horses and "goes the best." Last spring he was riding races again—at Burrough Hill and Barrowby.

The Quorn had a nice hunt of an hour on Friday, after their meet at Queniborough, running fast to begin with, through Ingarsby and over the Coplow. Lady Ursula Grosvenor, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Cotton, down from Cheshire, have been out this week; and Lord Dalmeny, staying at Somerby with Lord Ivor Churchill, who has taken Mrs. Duberly's house there. Lord Ivor sometimes hunts one of the most remarkable-looking animals ever seen in the hunting field—a well-shaped horse, not a big one, pink like the Tetrarch, and ringed and spotted in a variety of shades of brown and white. It also suggests used blotting-paper, as noted earlier. There are two other freak horses often out—a real cream belonging to Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, and a skewbald. There are advantages in having a unique mount—you can find him at the meet, you can single him out among the loose ones if you've been down and let go; but there's no hope for the man who gets into trouble for over-riding hounds—he cannot imagine he is being mistaken for someone else by the other members of the hunt.

Blackmore Vale Doings.

Scent has been poor in the Blackmore Vale lately, which is more than usually trying in view of the fact that the country is now riding as it has not done for many seasons at this time of year.

By an irony of fate, one of the best days' sport was from Chetnole when nine-tenths of the Vale were celebrating the event of the wedding of two of its members—Mr. "Pat" Kelly and Miss Joan Hardy, the much-admired younger daughter of Colonel E. Hardy, of Lattiford, Wincanton. This was the most brilliant and crowded function that has taken place in the Blackmore Vale, at any rate since pre-war days. Times have changed since it was considered unlucky to attend a wedding clad in other than bright colours, as more than half the women were in black, and the other half in browns, greys, and dull mauves.

It seems a pity that the hunt ball for which Major and Mrs. Digby had offered the use of Sherborne Castle has fallen through, owing to

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Bramham Moor; Warwickshire; Southdown.



THE WARWICKSHIRE MEET AT WROXTON ABBEY: LADY DE TRAFFORD AND MISS DE TRAFFORD CHATTING TO MR. J. FIELDEN, JOINT-MASTER.



ON THE STEPS OF WROXTON ABBEY: CAPTAIN AND MRS. BAILLIE.



WITH MISS NORTH AND A FRIEND: LADY MARGARET LINDSAY.



MISS WALLIS, MISS EILEEN FITZGERALD, AND LORD NORTH (ON THE EXTREME RIGHT).



OUT WITH THE BRAMHAM MOOR: THE HON. MRS. E. LASCELLES, SISTER-IN-LAW OF PRINCESS MARY'S FIANCÉ.



THE SOUTHDOWN MEET AT BARCOMBE, SUSSEX: LADY MONK BRETTON, CHATTING TO A FRIEND.

The Warwickshire met at Wroxton Abbey last week. Our photographs show some of the well-known people who attended the meet. Mr. J. Fielden is Joint-Master of this pack, with Lord Willoughby de Broke. Lord North, the owner of Wroxton Abbey, is the eleventh Baron, and was born in 1836. Lady Margaret Lindsay is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Crawford.—The

Bramham Moor met at Weeton, after visiting Harewood House for Princess Mary's inspection. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles is the sister-in-law of Viscount Lascelles, Princess Mary's fiancé, who is Joint-Master of the pack with Major G. R. Lane-Fox.—Lady Monk Bretton, who is shown at a meet of the South Down, is the wife of the second Baron Monk Bretton of Conyboro, Lewes.

Photographs by S. and G., T.P.A., and L.N.A.



SIX FOOLS: No. IV.—THE WIFE OF PANTALOON.

By G. B. STERN. (Author of "Children of No Man's Land," etc.)

JILL MARYON had let drop the evening paper, and was gazing meditatively into the fire.

"Jacob. . . ."

"Yes, my darling?"—her adoring husband, prepared to listen carefully, because his intuitions and understandings and general brilliancy were not by any means on a level with Jill's.

"Rafe's back in London."

"Rafe?"

"I want to get my own back. And I want you to help me. . . ."

When Pantaloon first met Columbine, she had just been jilted. Harlequin had so recently sprung away from her life that you might almost see his lithe shadow disappearing round the corner.

Maryon found her in tears in a secluded corner of the hotel garden. She had fled thither for privacy because her room was being turned out. Otherwise, of course, she would have been weeping across her bed.

"My dear Miss Dangerfield!"

It was no good pretending she had a fly in her eye. He had fairly caught her. To be caught noisily sobbing, by the hotel bore. . . . The score was mounting up against Mr. Alistair Rafe St. John.

"I'm crying," gulped Jill Dangerfield, superfluously.

"I'm so sorry. Why?"

He looked kind, the hotel bore. Like most bores, he was neither young nor old, neither ugly nor handsome. He was rich—she knew he must be, because he had a first-floor suite. His hobby was heraldry. He was unmarried, and he was lonely. Also he was of the branch of bore family who have too little to say, not too much. They are the Best-Bores: the others are the Pest-Bores!

Impulsively Jill confided in him. "I'm a young girl, unsophisticated and dewy and dreaming-of-the-fairy-prince. Some men are fond of us at that stage—Rafe isn't. If I'd been married, sophisticated, *espiègle*, *mutine*, and full of aplomb and *diablerie*, and all that, he'd have been crazy about me. See?"

Maryon did not understand French. But he gathered dimly that some man called Rafe had treated her badly; and he murmured sympathetically that it was a shame.

"And one day I shall be all he most admires—that's the fun of it!" Jill rattled on, obviously recovering from her first stormy grief. "I may be crude and green-appleish now, I'm only nineteen; but I'm the type that develops into a flippant and subtle and polished woman. And then—oh, then, just let him look out for himself, the beast!" She was all schoolgirl still in her frank zest for the revenge surely to come. She sprang to her feet and stretched her arms above her head. "Damn! damn! damn! There, I feel better. It was awfully nice of you, Mr. Maryon, to listen to me. I've got a bet on with Betty about your name. . . . A Bet with Betty—doesn't that sound like the title of a skittish story? My name's Jill—oh, Jill the jilted, obviously. There! I'm able to laugh at it already; that's a good sign, isn't it? Because it only happened to me this morning. It's a rotten time of day to be jilted," she added plaintively, but the hazel eyes uplifted to his were specked with gay green laughter.

Her moods were too rapid for Maryon's conscientious and polite attention. "My Christian name is Jacob," and he added, with a touch of old-fashioned formality, "I hope you've won your bet, Miss Dangerfield. I think I may consider myself introduced to you, as your aunt, Mrs. Dangerfield, has twice been my partner at bridge."

"I'm so sorry. I mean about Jacob. I betted that it began with an A."

"Why with an A?"

She reeled off: "Albert, Abimelech, Alfred, Augustus, Adolphus. . . . Haven't you noticed how all the really *dull* names begin with an A?" Then she stopped in horror.

It was quite all right, though. Maryon had not even noticed.

" . . . You see, Jacob," fifteen years later—they had been married twelve years; his frenzied courtship had lasted three!—"a girl can forgive everything except when a man has scored over her simply because she's half-fledged. Now, I've grown my feathers—rather smart ones, thanks to you, beloved. Socially, I count. I have a delightful reputation for being witty, heartless, and mysterious. My setting is good and mellow—again thanks to you. As for my

exquisitely shod little feet, Rafe can't be human and not succumb to them. So don't you think my plot's justified?"

"What plot?" asked Jacob Maryon, blinking.

But she was used to that. And came and sat on the arm of his chair, and played with his left ear. "Our plot of course, you darling. Our beautiful plot to humiliate Mr. Alistair Rafe St. John. Oh, tit for tat, diamond cut diamond, and the bitter bit—do you suppose I'm going to forego my revenge? . . . Lower the lights, please, while we advance up stage! It's rather an honour for you to be taken into my confidence over all this; the husband is usually left out in the cold. Jacob, I'm going to meet Rafe now he's back, and I'm going to fascinate him. . . . And when he's completely fascinated, I'm going to jilt him. And then my demon will be satisfied."

"Dear me"—Maryon was startled by her laughing vehemence; "I'd no idea you were still brooding on your wrongs. Fifteen years and you still want to—"

"Get my own back. Yes. Jacob, don't you remember a wistful, crumpled-up rag of a girl you found sobbing across a garden bench—sobbing because her faith was broken?" Jill's voice trembled and her lips drooped pathetically. . . . undoubtedly in the management of her husband she was a minx. But as she made him very happy, and amused him and teased him, and petted and beguiled and bewildered and tantalised and caressed him, and was all the while a faithful, truthful, grateful wife to him, her inherent minx quality did not greatly matter from his point of view.

"He was a bad fellow and deserves anything he gets," exclaimed Maryon, fired to indignation by recollection of Jill's long-ago tears; "but I'd say he wasn't worth bothering about. Too much of a compliment."

"You would, yes. You're a man. I'm of the same sex as Jael and Jezebel and Lucrezia Borgia and Queen Elizabeth and Madame du Barri and Charlotte Corday and the Empress Messalina. But you won't spoke my wheel, will you, Jacob? If I invite Rafe here, and dress for and at him; and go about with him; if I seem to have secrets with him, or if people gossip and warn you . . . because it's bound to look as though I were encouraging him, isn't it? . . . You'll know all the time that the Big and Special Secret is between us two. And you'll chuckle at it to yourself. And when I've jilted Rafe, when I've stung his vanity and soothed my own, then I'll come and tell you all about it; and we'll laugh together—you with a man's grim chuckle, and I with fairy peals of mirth . . . the only one who won't laugh is Rafe!"

"Poor dog. . . ."

"He's not a poor dog. He hurt me."

"Suppose I warn him." Maryon was so amused by his wife's unexpectedly vindictive temperament that he permitted himself to be ponderously playful at her expense. "Suppose I warn him what you're up to, so that he takes fright and sheers off, what about that, eh?"

"You wouldn't—oh, Jacob, you wouldn't be so mean? I know that men do hang together; but to back him up against me, after I've let you into my secret!"

"No, no, you witch. . . . I won't back him up against you. Go ahead and do your worst. I bet he'll be sorry now he was ever fool enough to let you slip."

"I have improved, haven't I? And you really are a darling, Jacob. Lots of husbands would have raised all sorts of fatuous, jealous objections to my flirtation, even if they knew it had a sham bottom to it. But you've got such a sense of humour. . . ."

The plot worked splendidly. Rafe fell an immediate victim. And Jill told Jacob, the corners of her eyes mischievously crinkled, that he remembered only vaguely the injury he had inflicted upon her, once upon a time. "He's dazzled, Jacob—simply dazzled. . . . And please may I have sixty pounds to buy a pale-primrose and skunk evening wrap? My new admirer is taking me to the opera and supper to-morrow evening. With your permission, of course, O blind and doting husband of mine. Rafe believes I'm skilfully deceiving you. He advised me to spin you a yarn about a quiet evening with my friend Madeline Fergusson, who has neuralgia. . . . And Jill and Jacob laughed together in ripe and perfect understanding.

Jill continued to report progress. And shocked "old friends" continued laboriously to draw Jacob's attention to his wife's behaviour, and shook perplexed heads at his cheerful indifference. "There's

[Continued on page v.]

Dulac on Bakst and Diaghileff.



THE GOOD FAIRY BAKST LEADS PRINCE CHARMING DIAGHILEFF TO THE SHRINE OF THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.

Mr. Edmund Dulac imagines how London came to see Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Princess." The Good Fairy Bakst led Prince Charming

Diaghileff towards the shrine of beauty, and, between them, they transported it to the Alhambra.

FROM THE CARICATURE BY EDMUND DULAC.

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Goldfisheries: A Songster and Swimmers.



AND FINNY FRIENDS: MISS JOSEPHINE EARLE.

Miss Josephine Earle, who made so striking a success in "The Lilac Domino," was recently seen in "Put and Take," at the Queen's. She had several numbers in the reconstructed revue, including

"April Showers," quite a pretty song. Our photograph shows her with her goldfish. She is wearing a lovely shimmering gown, veiled with lace.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

Goldfisheries: A Spangled Catch from the Pav.



OF "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE": MISS JULIETTE COMPTON.

Miss Juliette Compton, of "The Fun of the Fayre," at the London Pavilion, is shown in a novel spangled dress, adorned with a sash and shoulder drapery of ribbon. Its tight-fitting armour of scales suggests

a very fascinating goldfish, and a distinct improvement on the genuine variety, supplied by Dame Nature! Miss Compton takes the part of the Alquaç'l in the Span'sh scene, and a Lan'sta in the Roman Circus.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, LTD., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

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TO APPEAR IN THE FILM VERSION OF "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR."





ONE OF THREE FAMOUS SISTER STARS: MISS NORMA TALMADGE.

Miss Norma Talmadge is one of the three famous sister screen stars. Her last two "releases" have been "The Wonderful Thing," in which she plays the part of a little French girl, and "The Passion Flower." She will shortly be featured in "The Sign on the Door," the successful drama by Channing Pollock, which is drawing such big

houses at the Playhouse. Miss Talmadge will play Miss Gladys Cooper's part—that of Mrs. "Lafe" Regan, who appears in the prologue as Ann Hunniwell. It is a rôle which calls for great emotional powers, and is likely to suit Miss Talmadge very well and show off her splendid dramatic talent.—[*Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston.*]

A Bridesmaid at the Hill—Tufton Wedding.



THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE HON. JOHN TUFTON: MISS ANNE TUFTON.

Miss Noreen Rosamond Anne Tufton is the younger daughter of the Hon. John Tufton, eldest son of Lord Hothfield, and of Lady Ierne Tufton, daughter of the thirteenth Earl of Huntingdon. Miss Tufton was born in 1903, and has two brothers and one sister. Her sister,

Patricia Ierne Wilmot, was married last week to Major George Chenevix Hill, King's African Rifles, and Miss Anne Tufton was one of the two bridesmaids. They wore deep cream-coloured chiffon dresses with Cavalier cloaks in copper red, and velvet Charles I. hats.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

A Charming Bride-To-Be.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. HAROLD ROBSON: MISS IRIS ABEL SMITH.

Miss Iris Abel Smith is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Reginald Abel Smith, and of the Hon. Mrs. Abel Smith, half-sister of Viscount Knutsford. Her engagement to the Hon. Harold Robson, son of

the late Lord Robson, G.C.M.G., and of Lady Robson, has been recently announced. Miss Iris Abel Smith is the youngest of the family, and has two brothers and one sister.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

This Week's Studdy.



"OH, HELP!"

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



OUT OF THE RUCK.

By GEORGE PRIMROSE.



"SHE cannot do with more than *two*, to give a hand to each." I dropped into that misquotation when I saw the picture on the jacket of Miss Netta Syrett's new novel, "*One of Three*," and then, looking closer, had to revise it, for the pretty woman in the drawing, who was clasping hands with two men, had yet a third man's hand held out to her, and the story shows that she managed to take that one also.

"Impossible," you say. Well, it all depends on the woman.

Miss Syrett's point is that a woman of a certain temperament may be quite warmly attached to her husband and yet may indulge in secret at least two great passions—one fleeting, the other lasting for many years.

It is a large order, if the woman is not utterly abandoned. Is the author asking us to swallow too much?

Thanks to the skill with which she states and develops a difficult case, Miss Syrett contrives to keep Naomi Fanshawe plausible in her flagrant deceit, simply because she was so finished a self-deceiver. It is really a very clever study in self-deception.

Naomi, a West-Country farmer's daughter, had risen, by perfectly probable steps, to be a figure in society. Her game was fashionable philanthropy, in which she indulged her selfishness at the expense of the people she charmed into becoming her willing slaves. Of course, she worked hard herself as a graceful organiser, but others did the drudgery. Nobody resented her nigger-driving. Her husband, an abstracted philosopher, worshipped her blindly, and she was sure she was really very fond of him.

But all the time she had a lover, Richard Wendover, the novelist, whom she had stolen from Faith Campion, a friend of her schooldays. And once, for a short time in Paris, there had been another man.

Naomi's lighter life inevitably brought her into contact with a shady set. The virtuous social reformer had a *confidante*, Mrs. Wilmot, who at last threatened to give her away, and tried to use the justly aggrieved Faith Campion as the instrument of destruction. But Naomi's "charm" conquered even Faith's resentment, and Miss Campion actually saved from social ruin the woman who had wrecked her life. In return, the impulsive Naomi sacrificed her own life for Miss Campion in a scene too melodramatic for the rest of the book. The knot of the story, so skilfully tied, is unfortunately cut instead of being unloosed, and that is rather a blemish, but it need not prevent your enjoying thoroughly this shrewdly drawn portrait of an ultra-sentimental egoist.

Somewhat *blasé* with the constant effort to find pearls in the often muddy waters of current English fiction, I have turned with uncommon refreshment and reward to the work of the Dutch novelist, Mr. Louis Couperus. The most recent of his books (in the series of translations by Mr. de Mattos), "*The Law Inevitable*," continues the history of the Van Loo family, and takes the fascinating Cornélie de Retz van Loo a stage further on her emotional pilgrimage.

After her disastrous marriage and divorce, Madame de Retz went to Rome, "to study art," to collect herself, and to bring her views on feminism into some order. She decided that she would never marry again. Love was another matter, and it came to her in an adventure with Duco van der Staal, a young Dutch artist and dilettante. She found temporary happiness with him, and began to make a little reputation as a writer on feminism, but—her husband, whom she loved in spite of his brutality, came into her life again, and her theories went "phut!" If the reconciliation strains our patience with a story of fine shades in imagination, passion, and irony, the Italian atmosphere, the cosmopolitan society, and the sketches of a Roman *pension* are things of pure delight.

It is a perfectly delicious book that Miss Eleanor Farjeon has woven out of a little dramatic folk-song sung by Sussex children. In that song is an unnamed minstrel. Miss Farjeon knows that he was called Martin Pippin, a wily fairy troubadour, with a wallet of lovely songs and lovelier stories, things of dreams and gossamer, which he sang and told to six milkmaids, "sworn virgins and man-haters all," and won them from their task of watching Gillian, imprisoned in the well-house because she loved Robin Rue. When she escaped, it wasn't Robin she chose, and that, perhaps, is the reason why "*Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard*" is advertised as "not a children's book."

The child in fiction who acts as conscious or unconscious benefactor to his elders is usually a sugary little being, but there is nothing sugary about Timmy. He is a precocious brat, gifted with some power of second sight, but his prophetic successes were not all due to occult faculties, and depended not a little on judicious eaves-dropping, at which this young busybody was an adept.

Timmy is not altogether amiable, but "*What Timmy Did*" was undeniably good work for his amiable family, the Tossills, and his godfather, Godfrey Radmore. The Tossill household is an excellent picture of the New Poor, servantless and gravitating to the scullery, which serves as stage for several scenes of well-managed tragi-comedy. Most admirable of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's latter-day domestic portraits is Timmy's eldest step-sister, Betty, whose love affair with Radmore was threatened by the designing widow, Mrs. Crofton, who ought to have been hanged.

Timmy didn't bring that about, but his good offices and the ghosts he saw so worked upon the lady's fears that she, as one who has outstayed welcome, abandoned the primrose path of dalliance, and quietly vanished from these entertaining pages, leaving no trace, except a cryptic message of farewell.



"PRUNELLA," AT THE EVERYMAN THEATRE: MISS ANN TREVOR.

Miss Ann Trevor will play the title-rôle in "*Prunella*," to be revived at the Everyman Theatre on the evening of Boxing Day. She is a clever young actress, and made a great success as Virginia in "*Grumpy*." She has also done very good work on the films.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



AT HIS "RAILWAY CARRIAGE" STUDIO BY THE SEA: MR. T. C. STERNDAL-BENNETT.

Mr. T. C. Sterndale-Bennett, the well-known composer and entertainer, and grandson of the late Sir James Sterndale-Bennett, who has written numerous songs for his own use, has been working in a studio made from an old railway carriage, and set near the sea. He wrote "*There's Another Little Girl I'm Fond Of*"—one of the most popular songs of the year—in his stationary railway carriage. This song will be sung at Mr. Sterndale-Bennett's recital at the Æolian Hall on Dec. 30, by special request of the Royalty who will be present.

One of Three. By Netta Syrett. (Hurst and Blackett; 8s. 6d.)

The Law Inevitable. By Louis Couperus. (Butterworth; 8s.)

Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard. By Eleanor Farjeon. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

What Timmy Did. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)

AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERT IN



NOW RUNNING THE CHILDREN'S SEASON:

Miss Margaret Morris is the founder of the Margaret Morris School, for boys and girls from four to fourteen—a remarkable educational establishment where children are taught to obtain health and balance through the exercise of both brain and body by dancing, painting, and music. The excellence of Miss Morris's methods are well illustrated by the remarkable Children's Season which is a Christmas feature of her school and theatre in King's Road, Flood Street. The season opened this year on December 21, and lasts for four weeks. The

PHOTOGRAPHS EXCLUSIVE TO "THE

SOME EXQUISITE DANCE POSES.

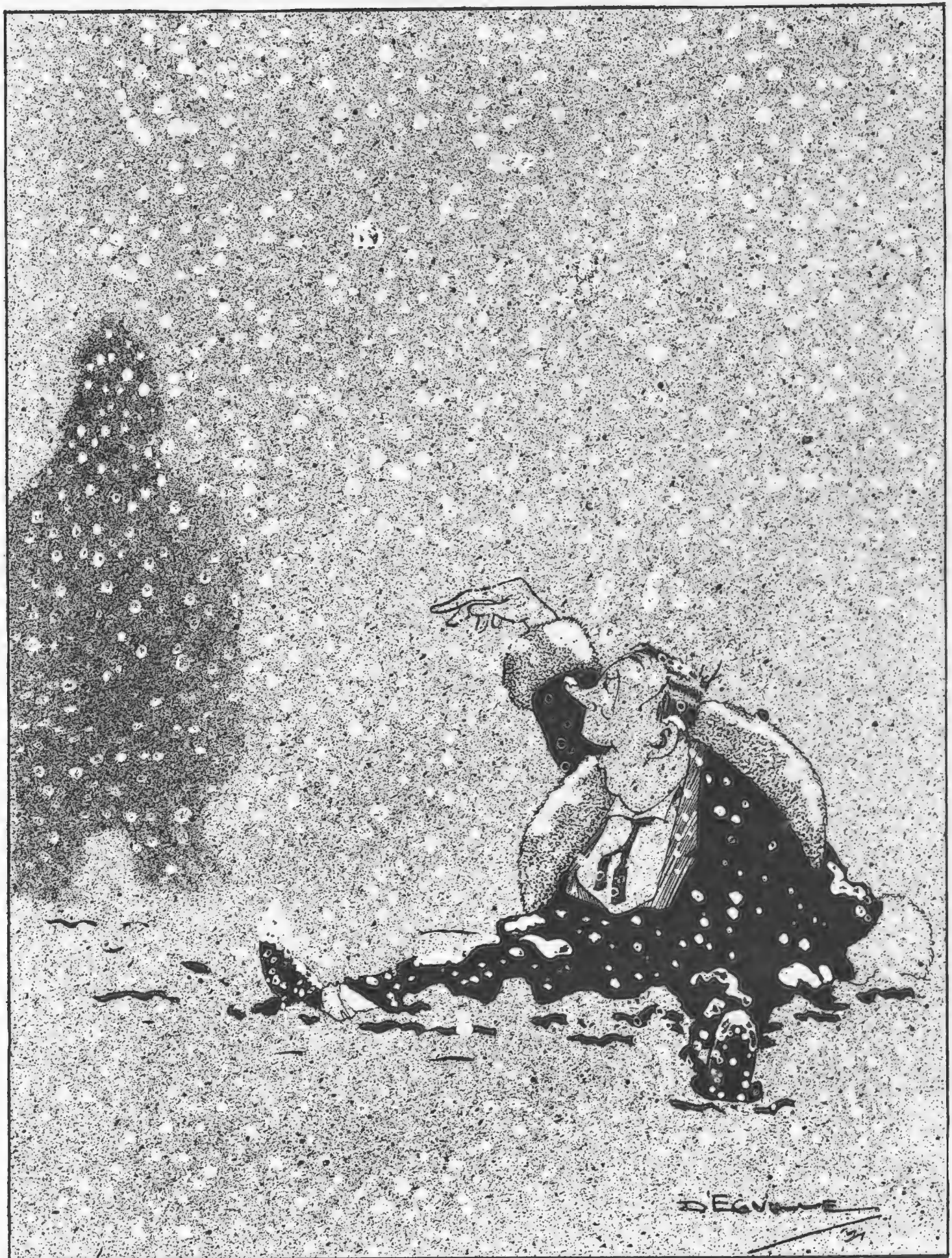


MISS MARGARET MORRIS AS A TREE SPIRIT.

programme includes "The Land of Funny Features," a play written and produced by one of the children; original dances, entirely arranged and with costumes designed by the children; and "Puss 'in Boots," a fairy play acted by children, with dances arranged and costumes designed by Margaret Morris. Our page shows Miss Morris posed in some beautiful attitudes of one of her dances, which represents the grace of a Tree Spirit come to life.

SKETCH" BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.

The Quest-ion!



SMITHKINS (who has been wandering in the snow for several hours, without seeing anybody or reaching his destination): Hullo, is that you (hic)—Shackel—hic!—ton?

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

THE LAST THREE DAYS!

CERTAINLY you should hurry up! Only three days remain in which to send your absurdly simple answers to our £100 competition. It really does not matter to us who wins the £100: we are only too glad that it should be won by the reader who shows most comprehension of what is required to make a thoroughly interesting paper. What we want is to get as many answers as possible, in order that we may know what is most generally pleasing in *The Sketch*.

Now, our competition is as easy as falling off a log! You need not spend a single penny, provided you have friends who take *The Sketch* regularly, and will be willing to lend it to you to read. And just the use of ordinary common-sense may enable you to have the satisfaction of knowing you have £100 to spend in the New Year—

£100 which has taken you but little time and a 2d. stamp to gain!

Again let us remind you that you should not delay in sending in. Think what you can do with that £100!

In the first place, you could be a subscriber to *The Sketch* for thirty-four years, or you could take a trip to the Riviera (where your £100 might become £10,000 with luck at the tables!), or to the Alpine Sports resorts. You could give your wife a fur coat, or keep yourself in cigars for years and years! You could—well, we will leave it to you to spend that £100 as you like—when you have won it!

And all this for just a little bit of common-sense! Now see what you have to do—and remember this is for the last time of asking!

ANSWER THESE THREE QUESTIONS:—

1. *What feature, from the literary, artistic, or printing point of view, do you think best in "The Sketch"?*
2. *What feature, from the same points of view, do you like least in "The Sketch," or would prefer to be omitted from its pages?*
3. *What feature not at present published in "The Sketch" would you like to see introduced?*

No literary, technical, or artistic talent is required. Study of the paper and common-sense are alone needed.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS (£100) WILL BE GIVEN FOR THE THREE BEST ANSWERS from any one reader to the three questions printed here.

It must be understood, of course, that the Editor's decision as to the winner of the prize is final and cannot be discussed.

Each set of questions and answers should be written on a sheet of paper and signed with a pen-name. Another sheet of paper should bear your pen-name and your actual name and address. Thus:

SHEET 1.

1. *The feature I like best in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Motley Notes"); because, etc., etc.*
2. *The feature I like least in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Motley Notes"); because, etc., etc.*
3. *The feature I should like added to "The Sketch" is, etc., etc.*

.....
(Signed)
CROIX DE GUERRE.

SHEET 2.

CROIX DE GUERRE.

ADAM ABEL,

3917, Blank Grove,

W.

On receipt of these, the sheets will be separated, and the Editor will only see the pages signed with the pen-name. This is so that the Editor of *The Sketch* may not know to whose opinion he has given the prize, until after he has given the decision. Thus he will judge without knowing whose opinion he has seen.

The name of the winner and his, or her, address will be published; but, obviously, not the suggestions.

NOTE.—All answers must reach "The Sketch" Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, before Jan. 1, 1922. They should be addressed, "Competition," "The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.



GETTING over it? No? Not yet? Well, you will: That sensation of turkey, that aura of mince-pie, cannot, you know, last for ever. Especially if you adopt drastic and cheerful methods of celebrating the New Year. Homœopathy is what you want. And lots of it.



A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR AT HER VILLA AT MONTE CARLO: BARONESS ORCZY. Baroness Orczy, the author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and other stirring romantic tales, is one of those who have already settled at Monte Carlo for the winter. This photograph was taken at her villa there.

Photograph by Navello.

With a merry noise and a proliferation of well-advertised parties: Into the Royal rice, the Imperial confetti of February. Or thereabouts. Which means a bright send-off for the year.

And what will the rest of it be? One is a little beggared of imagination as one sits down to wonder what remains to do. Lady X. cannot take to the movies. Because she is there already. Neither can the Honourable Publicidad Y. Because she is there too. Of course, they might turn themselves into sky-signs. That would be a shade more public. But draughty.

And perhaps Mr. Stephen McKenna will trip once more over his fast-whitening beard, emerge from his tub, and turn upon the contemporary world the searching light of his lantern as he looks in our ranks for one just, one honest man. Besides, he may have accumulated some more material for those Reminiscences of his. Not without value, because just as the generation of 1913 faded away behind black clouds, so (one sometimes fears—especially after turkey and cold plum-pudding) may vanish the jiggling, spangled figures of the Georgian Restoration.

So you must, we must all endeavour (like Eminent Statesmen making speeches on the Irish Question) to forget the past. And look forward to a Brighter Future. By way of New Year's Eve. So upwards and on into 1922!

What will it be like? Ask me—us—another. Very like 1921, probably. Only more so. With slightly louder manifestations of contemporary vulgarity, and slightly brighter demonstrations of contemporary vivacity. Which means that some people have further volumes of reminiscences in preparation. To say nothing of the material which they are busy providing for other people's Memoirs.

And so we shall all go on. Or most of us.

A queer age we live in. And one wonders if it can last. Here is a generation which ought to be facing the largest problems on earth—Labour, Ireland, India, all sorts of things from the absence of houses to the shortage of housemaids. And it faces them with one leg blithely raised in the frozen attitudes of the One-Step. Odd.

And a trifle injudicious. Because there is a hard-faced generation of youngsters upspringing which seems to turn the contemptuous eye of nineteen upon its frivolous elders of six-and-twenty. And soon the young people will have edged their elder brothers on to the shelf. Where they can sit, like Mr. McKenna, and write their reminiscences.

A curious generation, though. With its Fancy Fairs and its good times and its big black clouds somewhere below the horizon. But not so bad to live in. We've had some of it, anyway. And we know what it is like. So you know what to expect from 1922.



IN THE SUNSHINE OF THE CÔTE D'AZUR: COLONEL AND MRS. BIGNELL.

This delightful sunny photograph was taken at Monte Carlo, and shows two early visitors there with their white dog.—[Photograph by Navello.]

Because you will most likely find it The Mixture As Before. Same paragraphs. Same munificence—not under any bushel—of Lady Waugh-Proffington. Same loud and lively figures bouncing up all along the contemporary horizon. And amongst them all you and I and the ordinary people will have our little being and take our small pleasures.

And we, you know, are pretty well unchanged through the ages. We took things quite calmly in the past. And we shall probably continue to do so in the future. So forward into 1922! And may you all enjoy it!



ON THE TERRACE AT MONTE: MR. MARION CRAWFORD, Mlle. DE NION, AND MRS. MARION CRAWFORD (L. TO R.).

Monte Carlo is already full of visitors, and is beginning its season. Our photograph shows some early arrivals enjoying the sunshine there.—[Photograph by Navello.]

You will see your old favourites getting younger and younger. And some of your young favourites getting older and older. And more and more paragraphs about Mr. Augustus John's latest commission. With Sir John Lavery as a goodish second. There also ran . . . no, we're all forgetting about her now. And Mr. John Drinkwater and Carpenter, and all the rest of the people with really good Press agents. You'll read about them all in 1922. Good luck to you!



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SONG for the Period—"Then Yule Remember Me."

Only a few days—or rather, nights—before the end of the pre-Christmas theatrical slump, one of those unfortunate accidents happened to the leading man at the beginning of the fourth act that considerably delayed the progress of the show. The following morning the manager was explaining to the lessee what an unfortunate business it all was when your hero lost his voice before commencing his great love declaration. The lessee said: "But what did you do to explain the delay? Of course, you apologised to the audience?" To which the manager replied: "Well, you see, Sir, that was the awkward part of it. I couldn't." "You couldn't! Why? Were you too nervous?" "Oh, no; I couldn't explain anything to the audience because he had gone out after the second act."

The newest craze, which is likely to take the place of "Do you know Monica? What Monica? And so on," is "Imaginary book-titling and authoring." An instance will serve: Book and author—"Visits of a Mother-in-Law," by Helena House. Try inventing some yourself.

To judge from the prolific Christmas oratory, it seems as if most public speakers mistake perspiration for inspiration.

It is not often that a Welshman gives anything away unless he knows or believes that he is to get something in return. But here is a case of a Welsh ironmonger who offered to provide a perfect banquet to a number of his friends, and the only condition was that it was a celebration of his son's success as a singer in the Eisteddfod. The ironmonger talked so much about his son's wonderful voice that the free celebration banquet looked like a certainty. Anyway, he ordered the repast at a local hostelry—to take place on the evening of the great singing festival. The twenty-five guests looked forward to the day with true Celtic avidity. The day came, but the ironmonger's son was



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN RUDOLPH C. MAYNE: THE HON. SEYMOUR METHUEN.

The Hon. Seymour Methuen is the younger daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Methuen and Lady Methuen. Her engagement to Captain Rudolph C. Mayne, eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Jasper Graham Mayne, has been announced.

Photograph by Lafayette.

anything but a success. He proved himself to be possessed of a voice like a piece of cracked ironmongery. And he "got the bird." The father hurried round to the hostelry to cancel the banquet. He was too late. The twenty-five guests were well into the seventh course. He shouted to them: "Hey, chaps! There's not supposed to be a banquet, 'cos my boy's voice was a 'orrible failure, after all." In reply there came unanimously from twenty-five food-filled mouths: "Never mind. We liked 'im, grand!"

Problem for Oxford dons: Po go or not Po go.

One of the great joys of being an Irishman is that you can always say (matters not to which party you belong): More Sinn'd against than Sinning.

As they say in the Classics of Tailorland: Crease at any price.

It was an awkward time to have a domestic quarrel. After all, Christmas is Christmas. Yet the thing happened. The bride and bridegroom had a tiff. She declared it was his fault. He averred that it was hers. They parted. She intended to go to mother's. He chose the club. It was a "parted for ever" sort of moment as she swung off in a taxi and he trudged heavily to the solace of all



FORMERLY MISS GERTRUDE MARY POWELL: MRS. PETER EADIE.

The marriage of Miss Gertrude Mary Powell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Powell, of Rockwood, Weybridge, to Mr. Peter Eadie, of Scots-craig, Paisley, took place on Tuesday, Dec. 20, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

Photograph by Chaplin Jones.



SUZANNE TAKES TO GOLF: Mlle. LENGLEN AT NICE.

Suzanne Lenglen has begun to play golf under the instruction of Turnbull, the Scottish professional at the Golf Club de Cagnes, Nice. Our photograph shows her watching Turnbull drive. It remains to be seen if Suzanne will soon become as great an adept at golf as she is at lawn-tennis.—[Photograph by C.P.P.]

well-married men—the club. He went home later and crawled dejectedly into bed. Presently from his wife's room came her own sweet voice. "Charles," the voice called, "Charles, this is too, too charming of you." So she had repented, he thought, and went, hero fashion, into her room. She stood and rhapsodised over a beautiful bouquet, murmuring one word: "Charles." He said, in as husbandly a voice as he could muster: "Well?" She looked at him and said: "Charles, you darling. I suppose you really knew I would come back, and you placed these here to greet me." All that he said, again, was "Well?" She kissed a bloom among the beauties, and admitted shyly: "I

know now I was wrong. You were right all the time. And you have proved yourself to be the one man in the world. Oh, Charles, I'm so thankful and so sorry. These are simply lovely, and so like you." He kissed her forgivingly and returned to his own room. Once there, he said to himself: "Well, that's that. We're happy again; but I wonder who the devil sent her those flowers!"

Gossip is the safety-valve which prevents modern society from bursting with unintellectuality.

Revised mem.—specially for golfers: Tourneys end in autumn meetings.

A partyite going home West Kensington way late on Boxing Night had some slight difficulty in telling the tax-driver where to go. The very name of his street was hard to pronounce, so he gave it up and merely muttered: "Weshkezziton." The taxi-man could not understand, and demanded at least some well-known hotel or road-corner as a goal. Of such a thing the fare could not think until the inspiration came, and he said an easy one. "Cadby Hall." The driver dropped him at the easy name to pronounce. Another guest, having seen the "Weshkezziton" gentleman off, discovered that cabbies seemed to know some secret code, and, wanting to go to some—at that time of the party—unpronounceable place in North London, used the code and said "Cadby Hall." How he got home from there is not told.

Again to quote a much-interpreted song: "The end of a perfect dye—Henna."

SPEX.

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"BLACK & WHITE"

THE LARGEST STOCKS OF OLD MATURED SCOTCH MALT WHISKY ARE HELD BY JAMES BUCHANAN AND CO., LTD., AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES, WHICH ENABLES THEM TO MAINTAIN THEIR PRE-WAR STANDARD OF AGE AND QUALITY.



QUITE a number of New Year resolutions are being made in Paris. Probably they will in due course be broken. Thus I understand that there is a general determination not to dance so much during 1922 as during 1921. There is an expression about the "walk through life." Many who live in Paris dance through life. The dancing begins in the early afternoon at the *thés dansants*. It continues throughout the evening—at the *diners dansants*. It goes on into the small hours of the morning—at the *soupers dansants*. Happily, there are as yet no *déjeuners dansants*—so far as I know. But the repasts generally have become rather occasions for dancing than occasions for eating.

Then there is war declared on the high heel. This does not, of course, mean that the low heel has come into fashion. Einstein has taught us to use the word "relative" at every opportunity, and it is only in a relative sense that the disappearance of the high heel should be understood. It is still high, but it is not so high as it was. It is not low, but it is lower than during recent days. Again, Parisiennes are resolving not to be extravagant—at least, not to pay quite so much as they have been in the habit of paying for frocks and furs and other feminine apparel. This curious little strike of the consumer is reflected in the present prices, which are certainly less elevated than they have been at any time since the Armistice.

Why, there are even women who have taken the extraordinary decision not to wear silk stockings on every conceivable occasion! I should imagine that this resolution will soon be abandoned, for in Paris it has long been the fashion for girls of every class to refuse to clothe their shapely limbs in anything but silk.

Some of the New Year Resolves of which I hear sound incredible. Frankly, I do not believe that Mlle. Mistinguett has sworn not to repeat her perennial Apache scene in subsequent revues. A Mistinguett revue without an Apache scene is absolutely unthinkable! Nor do I accept the statement that Mlle. Spinelly will not again desert the revue for straight comedy. She is as good in one kind of entertainment as in the other, and there is no reason why she should not continue to appear alternately in the music-hall and in the theatre.

As for M. de Max, he announces that he will not act in young parts any more. This is a bold statement. Who ever heard of a successful actor acknowledging that he is not as young as he was? This is surely a little caprice of de Max, and we shall yet see him again as Néron, and as other dashing youngsters. At least six French actresses have made a vow not to lose their necklaces during the coming year—but I am afraid this vow will quickly be broken.

Boucot, one of the funniest of funny men in Paris, will refrain from appearing as a comic Lloyd George—unless he decides that after all he is amusing in this rôle. That reminds me of a little paragraph which I find in a French newspaper following upon the good-natured protest that I made in *The Sketch* and in the *Illustrated London News* against the parodies directed against England and the British Premier. It reads: "The proof that a censorship exists is that the Prefect of Police has just asked the *chansonniers* of Montmartre to forward to him scenes and songs which they have composed about England and Mr. Lloyd George. And plentiful they are!"

As everybody is talking about Bill Bourget, I think I ought to introduce him. Bill Bourget is—or was—a duck. He was the property of Mr. Gordon Knox, the correspondent of the *Morning Post*. He proudly strutted about in the fireplace of the drawing-room of Mr. Knox, conscious that the eyes of Paris were directed upon him. I do not know how many thousands of francs' worth of tickets for a raffle which should decide his ownership have been sold, but certainly a bigger price has been placed upon his head than upon the head of any duck in the history of the world. He had therefore reason to be proud, in spite of the approach of the fatal day when he would decorate a Paris table. In the end—for he was to do good all his life, and even in his death be of benefit to mankind—a big Bill Bourget fête to help the British Hospital was organised under the presidency of M. Millerand at the Nouveau-Cirque.

Whenever I see M. Raymond Escholier at the Quai D'Orsay, I have some regret that what politics has gained literature has lost. But no! If M. Escholier is the *chef de cabinet* of M. Briand, that does not prevent him from writing. How he finds time to be at once high official and novelist is a mystery. But twice this year he has won prizes. First he obtained in England the prize of the Committee presided over by Lady Northcliffe for his charming "*Dansons la Trompeuse*." And now at a luncheon party given by the Duchesse de Rohan, the ladies of *Fémina*—*Vie Heureuse* have awarded him their prize for "*Cantegril*," a delightful glimpse of Gascony.

At the same time, everybody is reading "*Batonala*," which has obtained the Prix Goncourt. Its author is M. René Maran, a full-blooded African negro who is a colonial administrator in the very heart of the Elack Continent—on the borders of Lake Chad. Last year the Académie Goncourt caused a mild sensation when it gave its prize to a teacher in a little provincial village who had never put his foot in Paris. But the sensation this year is not mild. The literary public is startled. But did I not intimate some time ago that the vogue is for black?

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



THE BRIDE WITH A BROCADE VEIL AND NO ORANGE-BLOSSOM: A PARISIAN DESIGN.

This wedding-dress, designed by Madeleine and Madeleine, of Paris fame, shows a bride with a brocade veil and headdress, and no orange-flowers, but a trail of arum-lilies made from white satin. It is a novel conception of a wedding-gown, but has all the grace and simplicity which such a toilette demands.—[Photograph by O'Day.]

author is M. René Maran, a full-blooded African negro who is a colonial administrator in the very heart of the Elack Continent—on the borders of Lake Chad. Last year the Académie Goncourt caused a mild sensation when it gave its prize to a teacher in a little provincial village who had never put his foot in Paris. But the sensation this year is not mild. The literary public is startled. But did I not intimate some time ago that the vogue is for black?

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

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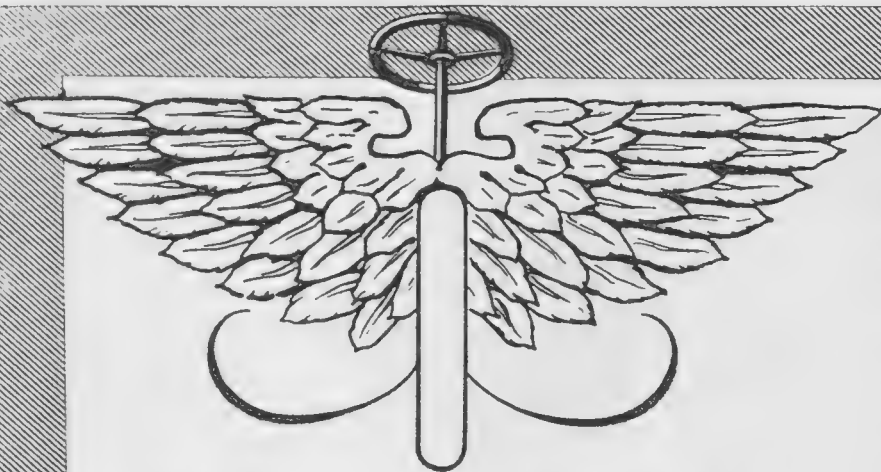


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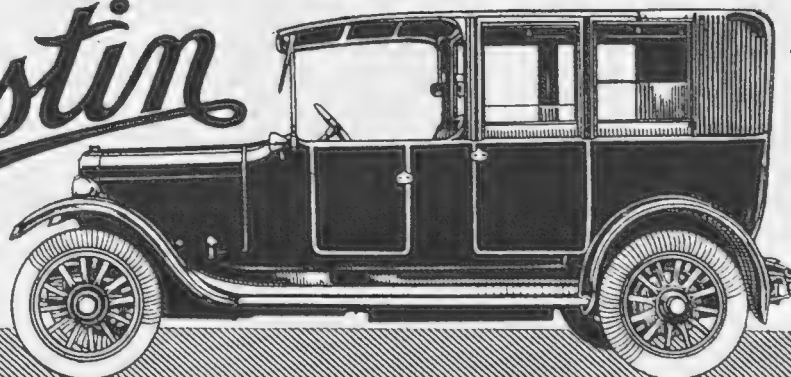
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LOOKING BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS: RACES IN THE BALANCE. By GERALD BISS.

RING out the Old Year and ring in the New—rather, and without a single muffled regret, either, thank you! I only trust, in the reflected, if somewhat forced, optimism of the season, that it will go down to history as the worst and wickedest Old Year on record. If not, well, at the end of 1922 we shan't be here at all—that's all there is to it! Every individual industry is apt to grouse selfishly from its own point of view; but this year it has been the whole lot, without fear or favour, in one ceaseless slump. Trade troubles don't interest everybody; but the way folk outside the motor industry have been affected is that they have not been able to buy cars or take up those they have ordered—and this is where the motor industry, vitally dependent upon outside prosperity, has felt such a dreadful draft in its banking accounts, with no overdraft allowed to temper things to shorn exchequers. It is best to try to forget it as far as circumstances will allow, and to hope for a revival of "ready" in One-Nine-Double-Two, A.D.

The Paradox of 1921.

And the pathos, the paradox, and the pity of it all is the unassailable fact that in every other way, from the motoring angle, there could not have been a better year—wonderful weather; real post-war cars—in most cases for the first time; prices adjusting themselves upon more reasonable lines; cheaper labour and cheaper raw material; the first real and in any way satisfactory show since 1913; wonderful developments on the right lines in the direction of the small car and general economy, added, at the same time, to increased comfort; and splendid racing at Brooklands, and a promising revival of road-racing on the Continent—not least of all the "1500 c.c." races, both at Brooklands and Le Mans, breaking new ground and proving the progress and the power of the little 'uns. In fact, 1921 amongst its bright patches will go down to history as the year in which the little 'uns, forced on by circumstances and surroundings, came not only into their own, but to the rescue of the industry—and the public! Next year, and in years to come, and we shall see what we shall see; but, while there will always be a demand for big models when and where money permits, smaller types still will be evolved with increased efficiency. The enormous wastage of power in the present-day petrol engine is the problem which ever besets the designer, and each year is bound to give increased efficiency in a smaller space. All that's wanted is the wherewithal to buy the cars, and thus finance the proposition. Here's to 1922; and may it provide it with both hands and without stint!

English "T.T.s." On Saturday next, the last day of this bold, bad year, the lists close for both the French Grand Prix and the International Tourist Races in the Isle of Man on June 20 and 22. With reference to the latter, as, I have often written, my great regret is that these two races are not being held in what is left of this little old country, instead of the Free

State of Man. The possibility of so doing without inconveniencing anyone has been demonstrated this year; and the Isle of Man had a narrow squeak of losing the Motor-Cycle Tourist Trophy next year, owing to certain grievances, upon which the Manxmen have had to climb down from a distinctly arbitrary attitude. There was even talk of transplanting the whole of the *English* race to Belgium! Why not England itself? Thereby—apart from the question of convenience, which means so much in the matter of popularity and importance—not only would costs to competitors be considerably cut down, but all the money spent one way and another over such events would be kept in the country itself. This is a very important point, as a big-wig connected with the organisation of the British races, who ought to know, told me that his own fear for the "T.T." car events was that they might fail to fill because the industry had not the money to spare. Personally,

I sincerely hope that they will, and shall be very surprised if they don't—especially the "one-and-a-half-litre" event; but up to the time of writing—many days before publication, owing to the festive spirit of the season having seized the very printing presses themselves—only three Sunbeams and three Vauxhalls have entered for the "three-litre"; and three Sunbeams and a singleton "A.C." for the "1500 c.c." For the latter, at any rate, one would confidently expect a team of Talbot-Darracqs or Talbots on top of their past successes, and lots of others—Bugattis, Aston-Martins, Horstmans, Hillmans, more A.C.s and so on. If the entries fall short of twenty, with a maximum of three to each firm entering, the R.A.C. reserve the right to call the whole thing off; but it won't do British racing or the British industry or British prestige any good if this have to be done.

French Prospects.

The ubiquitous Sunbeam has also gaily entered a team for the unpopular French Grand Prix, which arbitrarily constitutes a two-litre class between the "3000 c.c." and the "1500 c.c." of the other nations. However, it would not be like the Sunbeam to be left out of any race from 1 c.c. to 1,000,000 c.c.! Again, the fact that M. Ernest Henry, the designer of the Ballots, has joined the Talbot-Darracq factory at Suresnes rather suggests that a separate "T.D." team may be on the stocks. I should not be surprised, also, to find a team of Vauxhalls entered, as they are doing a two-litre touring model; but the only other actual team entered at the time of writing are three Rolland-Pilains. However, the Ballot is practically a certainty, and the Delage and the Peugeot are expected, with others "talked," such as the Voisin, the Chenard-Walcker, and the Grégoire—with a considerable possibility of the Fiat, who have a strong driving team in Wagner, Bordino, and young Nazzaro (a nephew of the famous Felice) but very much object to the arbitrary and self-centred methods of the giddy Gaul. Some makers love to hold up their entries till the clock strikes.



ARRIVING AT THE CORSTON MEET IN HER CAR:
THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

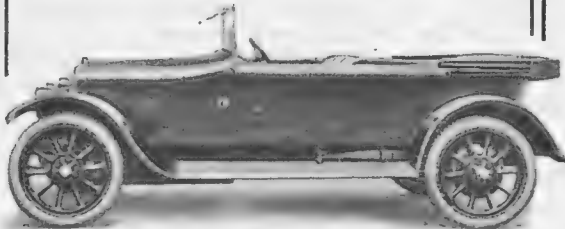
The Duchess of Beaufort hunts regularly with her husband's—the Duke of Beaufort's—pack, now hunted by the Marquess of Worcester. Our photograph shows her arriving at the meet at Corston—[Photograph by P.I.C.]

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

THE NEW 14 h.p. SUNBEAM

An outstanding success at the recent
OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW.

*From every point of view it forms
an ideal car for the owner-driver.*



PRICE

with 4-seater or 2-seater body and complete
equipment, "ready for the road."

£725

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LONDON SHOWROOMS 12 PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQ., W.1
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rings, Pins, Studs,
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Every Necklet,
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real pearl, the
minutest details
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The "Bystander"
says—
In colour,
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solutely nothing
to choose between
the two pieces.

Sessel Clasp with
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Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with
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From
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Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or
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BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE V.



FINEST OLD TAWNY PORT

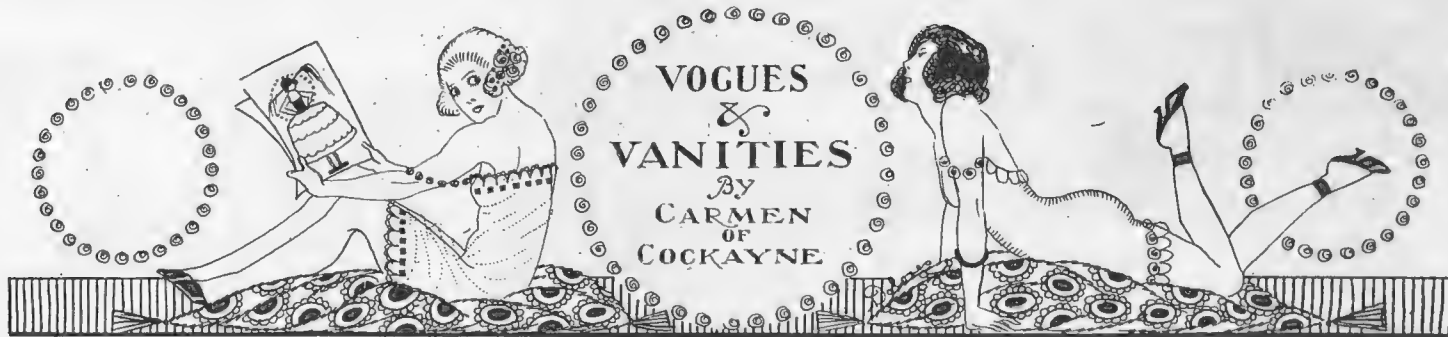
AN EXCELLENT SPECIMEN
OF OLD LIGHT PORT

6/6

SHIPPED, BOTTLED & GUARANTEED BY

W & A Gilbey

THE SIGNATURE THAT GUARANTEES
QUALITY, PURITY & VALUE.



A Happy New Year.

New Year, and, incidentally, happy hunting in the sales that begin, some on Monday, some on Tuesday, and others within a week or so of that time.

The Sales.

There was a time when Madam in Mayfair sniffed derisively at Madam in Mitcham for patronising the sales; though why on earth a disposition to buy good things at reduced prices when the chance came along should have been regarded as the sign of a weak intellect, goodness only knows. At any rate, times have changed, and customs with them. There was a time when the sight of a princess in a bus would have supplied the Society paragraphist with enough material for at least a column of comment, and nowadays the thing happens and no one takes the slightest notice.

Eager for Bargains.

In the same way, it's not uncommon to see a princess gravely scrutinising "sale bargains."

Of deep yellow silk stockinette embroidered in blue. It comes from D. H. Evans, Oxford Street.

Not, perhaps, struggling for possession of the remains of a dismembered blouse—that sort of event occurs only on the stage or in the pages of the comic papers—but quite seriously weighing the good points, say, of one suit against another, or comparing the relative merits of an evening gown of chiffon velvet with those of another model in rich marocain. After all, the saving of fifteen or twenty pounds or so is a consideration, unless you happen to belong to the ranks of the comparatively few who can spend without thinking. But the number of this latter class has diminished very considerably of late years, and it wasn't, in any case, ever very numerous.

Good Bargains.

And if I write that sale bargains this year will really live up to the description, someone is sure to exclaim that they have heard the same remark made before. Quite possibly, Madam, and maybe in the future there will be further repetition, but the fact remains that really "honest-to-goodness" goods form the major part of sale stock. By which don't, please, understand that the minor portion is rubbish. All that I mean to convey is that a very large part of "sale" stock this year consists of goods that should, by rights, have disappeared very much earlier in the season. That this did not happen has nothing whatever to do with the quality of the goods. Personally, I am inclined to put it at the door of the miners' strike, that, to use a colloquialism, "put the wind up" some people, and the "wind" remained even after the strike had fizzled out. But, whatever the reason, such sale things as have already been inspected are of the kind to fill the shopper with delight; and goodness knows that's a statement that ought to cheer the heart of many housewives who have to consider the school-outfit problem among other things.

Clothes for Youth.

Aunt Jane and Uncle James may tell you bluntly that in their young days the wishes of youth were of no importance; wise elders did what they thought best, and rebellious youth had to "lump it" with the best grace possible. If the truth were known, Aunt Jane as well as Uncle James probably said something, and thought more, about the

high-handed conduct of their elders. But that, after all, is of very little importance. What does matter is that the younger generation to-day has very definite views of its own on dress, expresses them quite freely, and, what's more, insists that they shall be given due and proper consideration. As a result, the juvenile department in any of the big stores shows frocks as smart as any designed for the grown-up people; and, indeed, a great many of the small women in the world have built up, and sustain, their reputation for good dressing on dresses bought in the "juvenile department" of some enlightened store.

Next Monday.

All of which leads up to the fact that the winter sale at D. H. Evans and Co., Ltd., the famous Oxford Street firm, begins next Monday, and affects all departments, so that the woman consumed with anxiety as to the possible fall in the price of cretonnes, and the mother faced with the prospect of providing school outfits within the next three weeks, can take heart of grace and look cheerful. And as to the lady perplexed with the school-outfit prospect, no better advice could be given than to suggest a visit to the juvenile department of the firm named, where, roughly speaking, every possible kind of coat, suit, frock, or wrap for any daughter of Eve from the age of six years to sixteen or so is kept in stock. Dolores sketches a party frock of pink taffeta, with modish scalloped frills and smart little puffy sleeves, as well as a slender little affair in silk stockinette, in old gold, with lines of cornflower-blue embroidery, and a girdle that passes through slots, consisting of bright blue beads. In the case of the taffeta frock, the sale price from Monday next will be 79s. 6d.; whilst in the second, 33s. will be asked for 28-in. size, with a rise of from 2s. to 3s. a size up to 39 in. For contrast there are jolly and practical little knitted frocks with contrasting collars and cuffs in lemon-and-sky, putty-and-navy, and navy-and-putty respectively. For a six- or seven-year-old child a dress of this type costs, or, rather, will cost next Monday, 16s. 11d.; and it's not often, you will agree, that smartness can be had at such a figure.

Beauty in All Sizes.

The frocks described above do not by any means exhaust all the possibilities of beauty. Party frocks in different-coloured nets, as well as taffeta frocks in a wide variety of styles calculated to please the most exacting young thing, are all awaiting inspection, as well as fur-trimmed coats in French velour, and trim tailored suits of the kind that help the wearer to forget the existence of anything so tiresome as school uniform. But mention of school is a reminder

of the existence of school suits—plain tailored ones in navy cheviot or West of England serge, or fine coating serge; as, also, of school coats in navy and brown, all-wool blanket cloth, half lined with floral sateen. The Holiday girl may affect to be indifferent to such things, but the prices affixed to them during sale time are of a kind to make a journey to town well worth while if one happens to be faced with the task of replenishing school wardrobes. Oh, yes; and there are mackintoshes, too, in fawn and saxe-blue and navy.

Sweetness in Unexpected Surroundings.

Now Blackfriars Road is the last place on earth in which the ordinary individual would dream of looking for sweetness and

[Continued overleaf.]



Palest pink taffeta is used by D. H. Evans for this party frock.



These Gossard corsets are of woven silk stockinette, and the brassière matches them.

Corset Gaine

The World-renowned

Corset

GREAT ANNUAL SALE

Commencing January 2nd, 1922.

All our Exhibition Models will be sold at half price.

Exceptional opportunity during this Sale for ladies who have not worn a Corset Gaine to obtain one at a minimum cost, as they are unique for elegance, style and comfort.

Corset Gaine Models for all sports
from 1 Guinea

Our Lingerie, so well-known for workmanship and quality, will, owing to the rate of exchange, be sold at less than pre-war prices.

Nightdresses and Combinations
from 15/6

Chemise and Knickers
from 7/6

Camisoles from .. 5/6

N.B.—Ladies wishing to secure bargains should write early.

MAISON SOUM, LTD.,
193, Regent Street, London, W.1,
138, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3
and at Paris.

Our Maillot Corset can
be obtained from 39 6

Wonderful serrette (as
illustrated) for no-
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ANNUAL SALE OF FURS AND FUR GARMENTS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

Commencing
MONDAY,
Jan. 2, 1922

Useful Coat (as illustration) in
Natural Musquash from selected
skins. Ordinary price £45

REDUCED
PRICE **£35**

**GRAFTON
FUR Co. Ltd.,**
164 NEW BOND ST., W.1.



THE SPANIARDS, HAMPSTEAD
achieved fame as a highwayman's inn, being the
resort of Dick Turpin, and was visited by the
little more legendary Mrs Bardell, the plaintiff in
the Pickwick trial. It was also the rendezvous
of many real notabilities, such as Goldsmith,
Garrick, Reynolds, and Gainsborough—men of
a period when good port was all-essential to
good company.

Visitors to this roadside inn of the Heath may
still drink there a glass of the best in Port—now
branded "Concord" for convenience in ordering.

CONCORD PORT

W.H. Chaplin
and Co. Ltd.,
4, Mark Lane
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THE "ALEXANDRA."

ROBERT HEATHS, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest shape helmet with elongated
crown which is most becoming and absolutely sunproof. Beautifully finished in White
Drill with close-folded Pustaree and underlined green or blue to protect
the eyes. Fitted with Patent Air Chamber and corrugated lining if 48/6
desired, and also Chin-Strap. Price
Tussore 58/6. Also for Afternoon or Dress Wear, covered in plain or flowered
Crepe-de-Chine with pleated effect and pleated under to brim. In various colours.
Unobtainable elsewhere. From 4/5 Gns.

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees and Double Teraix in the World.
Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-
known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

To
H.M. Queen
Alexandra,
H.M. the Queen
of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.



ONLY ADDRESS:

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

freshness—which only shows the folly of judging by appearances. For 215, Blackfriars Road, S.E., is the headquarters of fragrance—in other words, the factory of John Gosnell and Co., Ltd., who since 1760 have been supplying an appreciative world not only with the Cherry Blossom perfume for which, perhaps, they are most celebrated, but also with the Cherry Blossom tooth-paste, soap, toilet-water, lotion, and face-powder, and other preparations to which so many thousands of women, not only at home but in our various Dominions overseas, as well as in other far-distant countries, owe their reputation for beauty.

Good Soap. Don't listen to those who tell you never to use soap for your face. It's not so much a matter of skin as of soap quality, so to speak; and when you've got Cherry Blossom Transparent Soap you've got something that is practically all soap, and that means fatty acid and no water, so that it can be applied to the face without fear of evil consequences.

An Alternative. But that does not represent the limit of the firm's soapy output. There is, for instance, "Famora," delicately scented and especially adapted for sensitive complexions; there's the "Red Rose of England" and the "Violette Sublime de Luxe," as well as other varieties; and it's worth noting that, as well as soaps, powders, perfumes, sachets, and so forth can be had in the same perfumes; and because men, too, are important, shaving soaps and talcum powders (so nice after shaving) are to be had for the asking.

Other Good Things. In the space of a few lines it's hardly possible to do justice to the attractive boxes—satin ones, with crêpe-de-Chine handkerchiefs thrown in—in which some of the nicest of the Gosnell products in the scent line are packed. And then, again, it's necessary to note that the firm specialise in the most refreshing and fragrant lavender-water, as also in



ONE OF THE CELEBRATED CHERRY BLOSSOM PREPARATIONS: A SUGGESTION FOR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM GOSNELL.

eau-de-Cologne. In brief, first think of the toilet requisite you require, and then ask for Gosnell's; the firm specialises only in things of this kind.

The Need for Care.

People talk glibly about woman's ability to change her figure to suit the whims of fashion, as if Eve had merely to say "Let me change" and it is so; whereas, of course, the fact is that the transformation is due to corsets—Gossard corsets, for choice, which you can get from Marshall and Snelgrove, in Oxford Street, or Harvey Nichols, in Knightsbridge. The main thing about Gossard corsets is that they suit all figures, even those that are admittedly "difficult"—or, to put it bluntly, stout. In connection with the corsets for the stout souls, these have elastic at the hips covered with loose flaps of material, and are available in satin, silk broché, or coutille.

For the Evening. For the evening, more especially with gowns pursuing a low-down course, the cut of a corset is particularly important. That the Gossard people keep this in mind is proved by the existence of dainty models in Milanese or pink satin attractively trimmed with lace and ribbon-work, lightly boned at the back and in front. Rather special emphasis might be laid on a delightful model for evening wear with a "hip confine" (so nice if you're inclined to the elderly spread) of pink Milanese. This model, though it just marks the waist-line, is really to all intents and purposes a belt for suspenders.

are available, and that the bones of Gossard corsets are guaranteed rustless and washable. And just two points in conclusion—the first that 168, Regent Street, is the wholesale address, and that the corsets can only be had from the agents named; the second that all Gossard corsets lace down the front and are clasped at the side front—a method that ensures comfort and a perfect fit.

Good Reading. Sale catalogues are as good and exciting reading as anyone can hope to find these days. By this time, no doubt, most *Sketch* readers have a Stag and Mantle catalogue all marked in readiness for Monday next, the day on which the winter sale at the house in Leicester Square is due to begin. It's not in the least surprising that sale shopping should be so attractive; it's not only that the prices are down—there's always the glorious possibility that you will come across something for which space has not been found in the catalogue, but that, nevertheless, represents the kind of bargain of which you've dreamt but never really hoped to encounter.

About Furs. Take the subject of furs. It's true that the shortest day is past, but winter has still several weeks to run, and, anyhow, there's next winter and the next. So isn't it worth while investing in a coat of seal coney that's only 7½ guineas, more especially when one remembers that it has a collar of beaver coney and is fashioned on the newest lines? Or, again, think of a coat in kolinsky coney in the modish full shape with a high crush roll collar, and then say to yourself "Only 12½ guineas"—on the Coué principle, say it often enough and you'll get it. Bargains in fur stoles are worth close study; to quote only one, a wide stole in kolinsky coney with pockets and cords is specially priced at 27s. 11d. Comment in the circumstances is superfluous.

For the Home Dressmaker.

Now that so many women make, or at least re-make their own frocks, any aid to *chic* that simplifies the process is welcome. Such an aid is an elaborate sequin net overdress rather specially adapted for wearing over old foundations. The price is 49s. 11d., and its purchase literally means a new dress for an old one. Millinery (Dolores sketches two examples) might be dealt with, so might under-linen; but space forbids, so all that remains to be said is "Go and see for yourself."

A Talk on a Vibrator.

Half the ills that flesh is heir to can, it seems, be cured by massage, though it's only recently that scientific research has demonstrated the value of rapid and uniform massage by an electric vibrator. And it is in this connection that the Polar Cub vibrator, that can be seen at the L. M. Waterhouse Electric Company, of 19, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W., suggests itself as the best method for treating common ailments, for the rubbing necessary to massage can be given rapidly and uniformly. The value of massage as a pain-reliever, as an aid to a healthy complexion, as a stimulant for the hair has already been demonstrated, so it is particularly interesting to know that the vibrator named above costs only 37s. 6d.—a figure never even approached before for articles of this kind, and one that is likely to give a great impetus to the spread of vibratory massage. The Waterhouse Electric Company don't restrict themselves to showing a massage machine, but specialise in domestic electrical appliances of every description. Note that, Madame Housewife.



The lace berthe of this chalk-white Ninon dress takes the place of sleeves, and its long skirt does not allow even a suspicion of ankle to be seen. It is a Melnotte-Simonin model.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.



This restaurant hat of bright jet beads and silk comes from Stag and Mantle.



A PURE SOAP WHICH CAN BE APPLIED TO THE FACE WITH CONFIDENCE: GOSNELL'S SANDALWOOD.

it bluntly, stout. In connection with the corsets for the stout souls, these have elastic at the hips covered with loose flaps of material, and are available in satin, silk broché, or coutille.



Ingredients: satin and lace and a pair of ear-rings and tassels. Stag and Mantle assemble them as a chic restaurant hat.

For Athletes. Athletes are not forgotten; their special requirements are embodied in a sports corset that has an elastic band at the waist and is boned over the hips. Remember, too, that inexpensive models in cotton broché, hard-wearing and washable,

See the New Year in at the 'CECIL.'

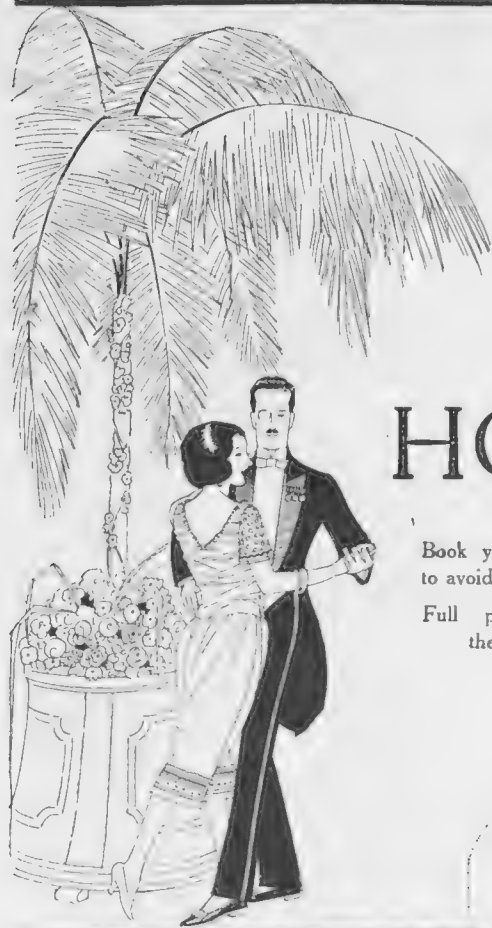
A special Gala Night will be held on New Year's Eve, including Dinner, Supper and Dancing. There will be an extra extension until 1 a.m.

This is one of life's greater occasions which should not be missed.

HOTEL CECIL

Book your table early
to avoid disappointment.

Full particulars from
the Manager.



'Phone : Gerrard 60.



Telegrams : "Cecelia," London.

Fine Steel Keen edge Clean shave

The Kropp!—there's a razor for you! Try it—ah! we thought so—"the best shave you've had for months"—exactly—they all say that. No wonder Sheffield is proud of the Kropp. There's more than the best steel in the Kropp. There's more than the most skilled workmanship. There's that special cunning, that peculiar knowledge, possessed only by the Kropp manufacturers. That's what makes the Kropp the outstanding razor that shaves so that you hardly know it's doing it—the razor that it is every man's ambition to possess.



PRICES.

Black Handle, 10/6 Ivory Handle, 18/-
Every Razor is packed in a Case.
From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.

Send postcard for a copy of "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No. 7.
Wholesale only :—Osborne Garrett & Co., Ltd., London, W.1.

GORRINGES Winter Sale

Begins Monday Next,
JANUARY 2nd.

The greatest bargain-opportunity of recent years begins at Gorrings next Monday. Normal prices—already far below those of last season—will be brought still lower during this Sale. Great reductions will be made in all departments including Household Linens and Lingerie—and everything of Gorrings usual high standard of quality. No catalogues issued for this Sale.

K. 233. — Beautifully - tailored and well-cut **BLOUSE SUIT**, made in fine quality Gabardine, trimmed with Crêpe Braid. Can be had in Navy, Black, Nigger, or Mole.
Sale Price 4 Gns.

Usual Price 6 Gns.

K. 243. — Good quality Crêpe-de-Chine **ROBE**, for afternoon or semi-evening wear. Effectively trimmed with frills of Crêpe-de-Chine at sides of skirt, and finished at waist with loops of self material. Three-quarter sleeves with cuffs of Black Satin to correspond with pipings at neck and waist. In a large variety of colours.
Sale Price 4 Gns.

Usual Price 6 Gns.



K. 233.—4 Gns.

K. 243.—4 Gns.

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

ANNUAL WINTER *Harvey Nichols* SALE

COMMENCES MONDAY NEXT & CONTINUES FOR 4 WEEKS

Extraordinary Reductions throughout the House

BARGAINS IN KNITTED COATS, &c.

Real Cashmere Knitted Coat, made in the cardigan shape, which is a very popular style for this season. Knitted in a wide-ribbed stitch, and can be had in these colours:—Emerald, jade, pink, copper only. Original Price ... 20/6
Reduced to ... 21/-

200 Knitted Woollen Jumpers, in various styles, in a good range of colours. Original Prices ... 29/6 to 7/6
All Reduced to ... 10/6

Post Orders for these Coats, cannot be executed.

BARGAINS IN LADIES' HOSE.

Good Quality Artificial Silk Hose, strengthened with lisle thread feet and tops, in black, white, putty, covert, medium grey, dark grey, navy and nigger. Original Price ... Per pair 4/6
Reduced to ... 2/11

Wide Ribbed Cashmere Hose, reinforced feet, wide garter tops, in putty, grey, dove, coating, dark tan, nigger and navy. Original Price ... Per pair 7/11
Reduced to ... 5/11

BARGAINS IN LADIES' HIGH-GRADE SHOES.

Satin Evening Shoes, medium toe and heel, suitable for girls, in pale blue, apricot and pink. Original Price ... 20/6
Reduced to ... 15/-

Glacé Oxford Patent Cap, low heel, suitable for girls. Original Price ... 35/6
Reduced to ... 21/9

BARGAINS IN CHILDREN'S COATS.

27 Children's Coats in various shapes and sizes. In several good colours in fine quality tweeds, etc. Original Price ... 5 Gns.
Reduced to ... 42/-

Remnants and Oddments
HALF PRICE—THURSDAY

Write for Sale Catalogue post free.



Elegant Fur Trimmed Wrap in fine quality wool Velour, with wide sleeves, which are both smart and comfortable: handsome flounce, collar and cuffs of Kit Fox Coney Fur or Kolinsky Coney Fur. Lined throughout silk to tone. In Nigger, Grey, Mole, Beaver, and a large range of soft shades.

6 only. Seal Musquash Coat (of which sketch is an example), made from good quality reliable skins, with natural Skunk Collar. Lined Satin.

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Special Sale Price ... 7½ Gns.

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Wonderful Value.

400 White Coutil Corsets, rust-proof throughout, corsetière shape. Original Price ... 25/0
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All tricot deep Hip Belt, button in front, washable, greatly reducing hips. Original Price ... 32/0
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All our elastic dancing and sports Corsets, sizes 20 to 30 inches. Original Price ... 20/0
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50 Nightgowns made in an exceptionally good quality nun's veiling, square neck, elbow sleeves, trimmed bands of Jap silk. **Reduced to ... 29/6**

48 Nightgowns in pure wool stockinette, made with yoke back and front, with collar or without, trimmed lace, full-length wrist sleeve. Original Price ... 45/6
Reduced to ... 45/9

BARGAINS IN BOYS' SUITS.

24 Boys' Suits, ages from 2 to 4 years. Buster and Tunic shapes. Original Prices from 79/6 to 5 Gns. **Reduced to ... 29/6**

BARGAINS IN NURSERY FROCKS.

36 French hand-embroidered Nursery Frocks. Original Prices from 18/9 to 20/6
Reduced to ... 10/6

BARGAINS IN YOUNG LADIES' COATS & SKIRTS

36 Young Ladies' Coats and Skirts in our novelty stripe Tweed and check materials. Coats lined throughout silk. Skirts cut full for walking. Useful for country wear. Original Prices ... 5½ to 6½ Gns.
Reduced to ... 78/6

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ALL Prices Reduced

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G.1. Strap Wrist, biscuit colour doe, can be cleaned. Usual price 7/11.

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Sale Price 11/6 per pr.

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100 pieces stripe and check Tweed and Suiting, 50 to 54 inches wide. All wool. Usual price 10/6 to 14/6 per yard.

Sale price 7/6 per yd.

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2,000 yards reliable Washing Gingham, 32 inches wide. Usual price 2/6 per yd.

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Very Special Value.

All PARASOLS half price

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K.2. Well-made English SILK STOCKINGS, lisle feet and tops, fashioned leg and top.

Sale Price 7/11 per pr.

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A collection of Handsome CUSHIONS in rich Silks, Brocades, and Velvet Cushions.

To be cleared at 49/6

SILKS

1,500 yards of rich quality Pure SILK of heavy weight, 52 ins. wide, in good lingerie shades, adaptable for Pyjamas and Shirts for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear.

Previously sold at 33/6 per yard.

Sale Price 16/9 per yd.

10,000 yards of Rich French SILKS at exactly half price.



15 Original Model Fur Coats and Wraps, of which one sketched is a typical example, worked from selected British Moleskins with handsome collar and deep flounce of Flying Fox to tone, lined rich flowered Crêpe-de-Chine to tone.

Original Price 195 Gns.
Sale Price 98 Gns.



55 Dainty Lace Frocks in three different designs, of which sketch with lace tunic over satin foundation finished at waist with band and flower, is a typical example. In black and a few soft colours.

Usual Price 7½ Gns.
Sale Price £5 18 6



Useful Wrap Coat in good quality mole plush, lined throughout with fancy lining. Exceptionally warm and serviceable.

Special Sale Price 6½ Gns.



"Esmé" Attractive Tailrock in good quality "Margot" lace with full double skirt mounted on elastic, lined Japanese silk and finished with wide taffeta sash in contrasting colour. In écru, navy, brown or black. Usual Price 6½ Gns.

Reduced to 98/6



Useful Petticoat, as sketch, made in rich quality cashmere de soie, made in a simple style with hemstitched hem; will wash, and is excellent for wear. Full size. Colours: black, navy, amethyst, light grey, saxe, light saxe, mole, helio, pink.

Sale Price 20/-

Can also be had in same material, made on well-fitting yoke, with deep flat-pleated flounce. Colours: navy, grey, helio, light saxe, purple, cherry, rose. Usual price 30/6

Sale Price 29/6



We are offering 500 Girls' Knitted Woollen Coats at less than half price. These garments are in a variety of practical shapes, of which sketch is but one example. They include models with roll and polo shaped Collar, also V neck, with and without sashes at waist. In various colours. Sizes suitable for girls of all ages.

Original prices 20/- to 40/-
Clearing at 12/6



New short Jumper, made in heavy fancy georgette and crêpe-de-chine. In various designs, of which sketch is an example.

Usual price 49/6
Sale Price 29/6



Heavy Woollen Knitted Coat, as sketch. Beautifully light and warm. Made in the new wide-ribbed stitch in a good range of colours.

Usual price 52/6
Sale Price 21/-

REMNANT DAY THURSDAY.

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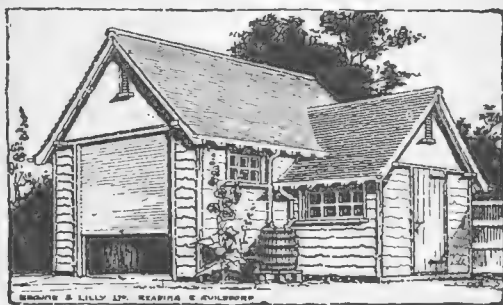
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A Doctor writes:—"About 10 years ago I got a motor-house from you. I only intended to use it as a temporary measure, but it has done so well that it has become a permanent structure. It is as good to-day as when I got it first. If all your wood work is up to this I can't imagine anyone wanting anything better."

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Begins Monday, January 2nd, 1922

Your early inspection is advised. As usual in this Gooch Sale of Current Fashions, every garment is strictly up-to-date, ready to wear the day you buy it, differing only in price from the smartest Vogues now showing.

Space is wanted for advance Spring models. Therefore, at truly bargain prices, you can now buy:—

Costumes — Dresses — Millinery —
Mantles and Coats — both Paris
Models and Gooch Vogues. Also
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Girls' Dresses — Coats — Walking
Suits — Hats — Underwear — Shoes
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Evening Wear.

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Hats — Boots — Values in Hosiery,
Shirts and Ties.

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WINTER SALE
COMMENCING MONDAY,
2nd. JANUARY, 1922.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

LADIES' BOOTS.

	Usual price	Sale price
Patent Leather Button and Lace Boots, Black Cletta Tops	78/6	30/-
Calfskin Golosh, Black Cloth Tops, Button and Lace Boots	78/6	30/-
Brown and Black High Leg Lace Boots, Double Soles for Country Wear	55/-	30/-
Sporting Boots, Lacing to the Knee, in Black Box-calf and Brown Willow-calf	85/-	65/-

LADIES' SHOES.

Patent Leather and Glacé-kid Blucher Oxford Shoes	58/6	38/6
Black, Grey and Brown Suède Blucher Oxford Shoes	65/-	45/-
Patent Leather, Glacé-kid, Gunmetal and Russia Calf, also Brown Kid, Buckle Shoes	58/6	38/6
Patent Leather and Glacé-kid Opera Slippers	58/6	38/6
Black and Grey Suède Opera Slippers	78/6	38/6
Black Satin Brocaded Opera Slippers	78/6	38/6
Black and Grey Suède Welted Pumps	92/6	38/6
Patent Leather, Glacé-kid, Black, White and Grey Suède One-strap Dress Slippers, Louis XV. heel	65/-	45/-
Black Satin One-strap Dress Slippers, Louis XV. heel	58/6	38/6
Grey and Brown Suède Tongue Slippers, Louis XV. heel	92/6	45/-

Navy-blue Kid and Navy-blue Suède Light Walking Pumps	92/6	30/-
Evening Shoes in Fancy Brocades in all colours	95/-	30/-
Satin Court Shoes in Pink, Blue, Silver, Gold and Purple	65/-	20/-
Black Box-calf and Brown Willow-calf Full Brogue Oxford Shoes, Stout Soles for Country Wear	50/-	38/6
Black Box-calf and Brown Willow-calf Full Brogue Oxford Shoes, with Fringe Tongues and Stout Soles suitable for Golf	55/-	42/-
Ten-button Black and Brown Cloth Gaiters	12/6	3/11

NOTICE:—Over 1,000 pairs of highest grade discontinued and oddment lines will be sold in the Departments only, at less than one-half of the original cost prices.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Men's Black Box-calf Lace Boots, Double and Single Soles	65/-	40/-
Patent Leather and Calfskin Boots with Cloth Tops, Button and Lace	90/-	50/-
Large Quantity of Brown Leather Lace Boots	84/-	40/-
Brown Oil Grain Shooting Boots	84/-	58/6
Brown and Black Calfskin and Patent Leather Oxfords	65/-	38/6
Patent Leather Oxford Shoes without Toecap, for Dress Wear	65/-	30/-
Brown and Black Full Brogue Oxford Shoes with Double Soles	65/-	45/-

NOTICE:—SALE LIST WILL BE SENT ON APPLICATION, also single samples will be sent on approbation if 1/- postage is included with order.

POSTAGE MUST BE PAID ON ALL GOODS UNDER 42/- IN VALUE.

GOODS PURCHASED IN THE STORE DURING THE SALE CANNOT BE EXCHANGED.



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J. & K. CONNOR, LTD.

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LONDON, E.C.

Address of Nearest Retailer furnished on request.

THE WIFE OF PANTALOOON.—[Continued from page 306.]

such a thing as carrying the rôle of Obliging Husband beyond its limits, Maryon, old chap! Why don't you interfere?—take her away?"

But Maryon, unexpectedly, did not interfere. Nor could he be roused from his serene optimism, to realise his responsibilities. It even seemed—to the unenlightened—as though he deliberately created opportunities for his wife and Rafe St. John to meet and be alone; as though he deliberately effaced himself. ("You'll know all the time that the Big and Special Secret is between us two!")

By now he was almost as keen as Jill that Rafe should be well punished for having once upon a time made Jill cry. Jill cry! . . .

"To-night!" pronounced Mrs. Jacob Maryon, englamouring her husband's study with her sudden invasion of primrose and skunk, white shoulders, emeralds, mystery, a tremor of perfume, and her whole shimmering, reckless, out-for-conquest personality. "Yes, to-night. He's worked up to it by now; by to-morrow, if I wait, the crisis may be over, the reaction set in. So I rang him up and suggested a drive in his car, and supper under the rose at Richmond afterwards."

"My dear," in assumed consternation, "he'll most likely propose that you should run away with him."

"That's my cue. On top of that—I let him have it."

"So this is my last lonely evening, is it? Good. I've missed my little woman."

Perhaps he ought not to have called her his "little woman" so complacently. . . . But Columbine only laughed gaily as she kissed Pantaloon good-night. And Pantaloon waited up to hear the funny story of how she had turned the tables on Harlequin, and made a fool of him. Waited up . . . and waited . . . waited. . . .

He had forgotten that it is never Harlequin who is fooled, but always, always Pantaloon!

Columbine did not come back.

[THE END.]

The Christmas number of the *Bookman* is a splendid six shillings'-worth of literary and artistic information, and contains a generous number of presentation plates in colour and black-and-white by such artists as Rackham, Max Beerbohm, George Morrow, Lewis Baumer, Jean de Bosschère, and other famous men. The articles include an excellent short treatise on Flaubert, whose centenary has just passed; an interesting article on John Drinkwater's plays by John Freeman, illustrated by scenes from "Abraham Lincoln" and a portrait of the poet-author. There are also articles by Laurence Binyon, Katharine Tynan, St. John Adcock, and others, and a wealth of portraits of new novelists and reproductions from the illustrations of recent books of interest.

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.—[Continued from page 491.]

lack of support, and, we imagine, to the waning popularity of the terpsichorean art as practised in these times.

Hounds ran well the other Tuesday evening over a very stiff line of country, productive of many empty saddles. Mrs. Hubert Loder took a very nasty fall, and it was feared at first that she was badly hurt. Her horse fell over a piece of timber and rolled right over her, but she was able, after a rest, to ride back to her car, and I hear that, bar a sprained hand and a severe shaking, she is none the worse.

By the way, a popular field master of the B.V. was noticed wearing a becoming blush last week. He had spoken—well, we'll say "sharply"—to an erring and over-zealous sportsman who insisted on riding much too near hounds, when the piping voice of one of the youngest members of the hunt, aged seven, was heard: "Mummy, what was that man saying about the Devil?"

The Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt.

The season so far has not been an outstanding one, scent having been bad, though there have been samples of every kind of weather. The best day so far was the day after the Hunt Ball. The meet was at Springwood Park, Sir George Douglas's place just out of Kelso, and there is always a large turn-out that day of ball-goers, on foot and in cars. Hounds found very soon, and they had the fastest twenty minutes of this season—so much so that there were only about six of the first-flighters with them, among them General Sir James Babington and Mr. Arthur Paton. The former is a great sportsman in every way, having been through the South African War, and also commanded a Division in the Great War.

We have a lot of people hunting here this season, all the houses and rooms being well filled, and the strings of hunters one sees exercising in the mornings are almost what they were before the war. St. Boswells is the centre, being the most convenient, as the kennels are there, and the acting Master, the Earl of Dalkeith, and his beautiful bride, Miss Mollie Lascelles that was, live within two miles at Eildon Hall, nicely situated on the slope of the Eildon Hills, a fine landmark and of great assistance for finding one's way home after hunting.

It adds much to the picturesqueness of the field this year having so many grey horses, which belong to the many K.D.G.s who are quartered in Edinburgh and are hunting down here. They were fortunate in having these good grey horses bequeathed to them by the Scots Greys, who were sent off to Cairo last year minus any horses, and had to take over some from another regiment.

The Hunt Ball was held at Kelso as usual. It was an excellent one, and all the neighbouring hunts were well represented. The Duchess of

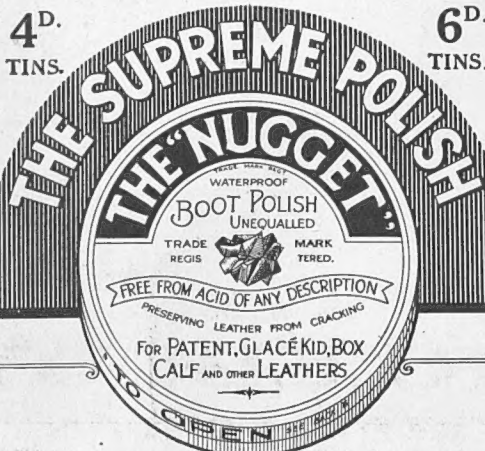
[Continued overleaf.]

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH

THE supremacy of 'Nugget' is greatly due to its wonderful preservative qualities. It is guaranteed free from acid or anything injurious to the finest leather. It prevents leather from cracking and gives a brilliant, lasting shine in a few moments.

'Nugget' is made in the following colours—Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown, Toney Red, and White for patent leather, in tins, 4d. & 6d.

The 'Nugget' Polishing Outfit should be in every home. It is sold everywhere in metal case at 2/6 each.



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FOR A BOTTLE AND TRY
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Every description of Wines, Spirits, etc., supplied at Keen Prices.
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STOCKTAKING SALE

Commences Monday, Jan. 2,
and continues for twelve days only.



10 only, Model Fur Capes and Wrap Coats, of which sketch, in fine selected British moleskins, with suede vest embroidered silk to tone, lined soft French satin-de-chene, is an example.

Sale Price 59 Gns.

50 Lingerie Frocks in plain white handsomely embroidered and trimmed with lace, and in white and coloured striped material embroidered, of which sketch, having red or yellow embroidered stripes, is a typical example.

Sale Price 6½ Gns.

60 Fur-trimmed Wrap Coats of distinctive design, made from fine quality velour cloth trimmed with various furs, of which sketch, in navy velour with large collar, side and flounce trimming of Mole dyed fur, is a typical example.

Sale Price 10½ Gns.

25 Model Suits, all different designs, mostly trimmed with handsome furs, of which sketch, in rust-coloured velour, attractively finished with real nutria fur, is an example.

Sale Price 19 Gns.

Charming Tea Gowns in various rich materials and styles, many original and copies of exclusive models, of which sketch, in oxydised tissue brocade with beaded train of grey tulle, is an example. A limited number only.

Sale Price 10½ Gns.

Nightdress in pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine, hemstitched V-neck, wing sleeves, finished at waist with tucks, entirely hand made. In Pink only.

Sale Price .. 29/6

Chemise and Knickers to match.

Sale Price 21/9 each



Little Boy's Well-Tailored Coat in good quality covert coating, with collar and cuffs trimmed velvet. In sizes 2 to 5 years. A limited number only.

Original Prices £5 19 6 to £7 19 6

Sale Price .. 69/6

Attractive Luncheon Blouse in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine, new collar with pleated fronts, trimmed real Filet lace and veinings, long sleeves finished to correspond. In ivory, champagne, pink and other shades. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

Sale Price .. 29/6

Useful Jumper in rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine, full fronts gathered on to elastic at each side of waist, sleeves trimmed fine veining. In rust, purple, lemon, jade, navy and black. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

Sale Price .. 29/6

Lace Alpaca Woollen Coats (as sketch) and several different styles in a variety of colours with contrasting stripes, borders, etc.

Original Prices 94/6 to 124/6

Sale Price .. 52/6

Knitted Woollen Cardigan Coats of which sketch is a typical example, very practical, suitable for indoor or outdoor wear. In several good colours.

Original Prices 35/6 to 63/-

Sale Price .. 21/-

Post Orders cannot be accepted.

Useful Petticoat in good quality plaid Surah silk, smartly cut with deep kilting slightly fluted at foot. In dark colourings.

Sale Price .. 21 9

Remnant Days FRIDAY & SATURDAY.

The above cannot be sent on approval.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

(Debenham's Ltd.)

WIGMORE STREET & WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.1

(Continued.)

Buccleuch brought out her fourth daughter, Lady Mary, who looked very sweet in her coming-out frock; they came, a large party, from Bowhill, the Duke's lovely place in Selkirkshire, a good twenty-four miles—but what is distance to a trusty Rolls-Royce? Lord William Scott, who is with the 10th Hussars in Ireland, managed to get over in time for the ball, though I fancy he much prefers hunting to dancing. The Berwickshire Hunt sent a good contingent; also the North Northumberland were represented by the Hon. F. Lambton, who was acting Master during a period of the war. Mrs. Mitchell, of Monksford, wife of the M.F.H. of the Lauderdale Hunt, brought a party. She, by the way, is giving a dance at her own house, which I shall hope to tell you something about. This hunt is a most sporting one, as they have some very bad country to ride over and some of the very biggest stone walls I have ever met.

The V.W.H.
(Cricklade).

Ashton Keynes, where these hounds met on Thursday, Dec. 22, is always a popular meet. Ashton is a sporting village. Mrs. Pilkington lives at Ashton House, which she recently purchased from Mrs. Wingfield-Digby, who has now gone to reside at Calne, and is as good a friend to fox-hunting as was her predecessor. In a famous drain near her house there is generally a fox. Captain Eric Patterson, who lives at Leigh Hall, hunts regularly with this pack and the adjoining pack, Lord Bathurst's. A light weight, with good hands and seat, Captain Patterson rides as an amateur both on the flat and over "the sticks." Four years ago, or it may be five, he owned the favourite for the Grand National, Limerock, which had the misfortune to break its leg a month or so before the race. It was a curious coincidence that Alvarez, the jockey, who was to have ridden Limerock, died shortly afterwards, after only a few days' illness. Captain Patterson has a few horses in training with Captain Gooch at Ilsey, of which Kilmemnon is the best known. He hunts a magnificent black horse which won Lady Dudley's Hunt Cup last year. He is always immaculately turned out, his hunting clothes being the last word in the tailor's art.

Major and Mrs. W. Bell, at Cove House, are both devoted to the chase, the stabling attached to the house being the most commodious in the neighbourhood.

Then Mr. Harry Smith, of Glebe Farm, is a mighty fox-hunter, and not only hunts himself, but brings his two sons and two daughters along with

him. Miss Mary and Miss Edna Smith are both finished horsewomen, in spite of their youth. In the summer they ride at the local horse shows in the jumping competitions, and as often as not carry off the prize. Their father has forgotten more than most people know about a horse. Mr. Manners, of Horne Farm, though not as young as he was, dearly loves a ride with hounds.

Ashton boasts a sporting parson, a type now almost as extinct as the dodo. The Rev. Thomas Amos runs the Ashton Keynes Horse Show, which is one of the events of the summer months. Captain Jesse Devenish Gouldsmith was until lately, before he left the neighbourhood, a resident of this sporting community. His brother, Major Cecil Gouldsmith, though unable to hunt much this season, is secretary of the Wire and Poultry Fund.

That amazingly useful book, "Who's Who," has just made its latest appearance, as the 1922 edition is now out. This is its seventy-fourth year of issue, and it contains over 30,000 biographies which are revised annually. "Who's Who" is a real necessity in every library, as it gives up-to-date information about every distinguished man or woman of the day. It is absolutely reliable, and is a guide whose information may be trusted implicitly. It now contains 2982 pages, and is cheap at 42s. net. Among Messrs. A. and C. Black's other publications, "Who Was Who" is also an invaluable book of reference, as it contains the biographies of distinguished people who died between 1897 and 1916, and enables copies of "Who's Who" earlier than 1917 to be discarded. It is a permanent storehouse of information about the personalities of one of the most important and critical epochs of British history. "The Writers' and Artists' Year Book for 1922" is another very useful Black publication. So many amateurs write fiction and contribute newspaper articles that this book should have a particularly large sale. It contains well-arranged information on every point for authors. The lists of agents, the explanations of the intricacies of copyright, and the complete list of English and American journals, with details of the work they are willing to buy, are items of the greatest use to all those who write. The price of this excellent little volume, which deals with the cinema and photography as well as with literary work, is only 3s. 6d. net.

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